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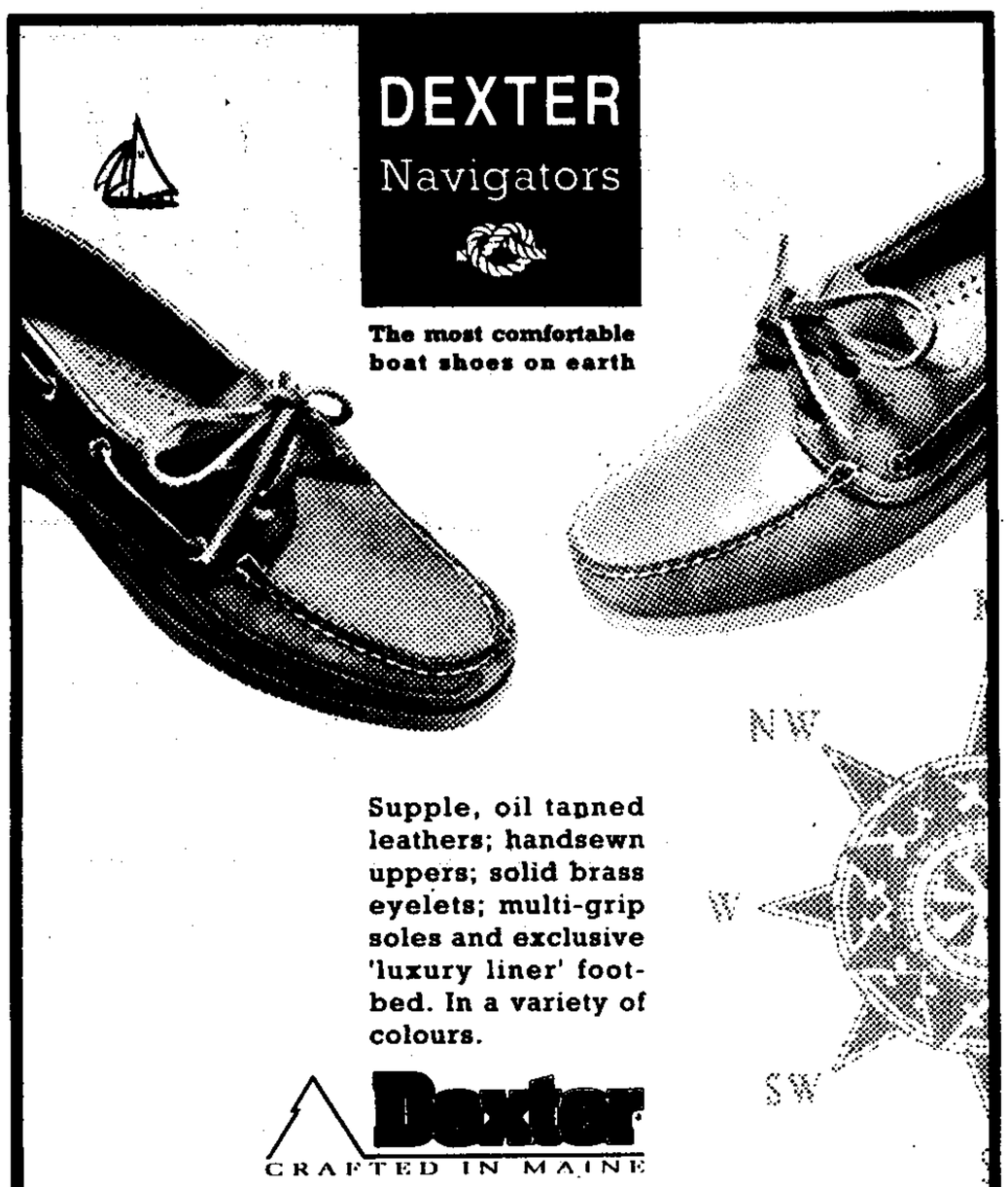
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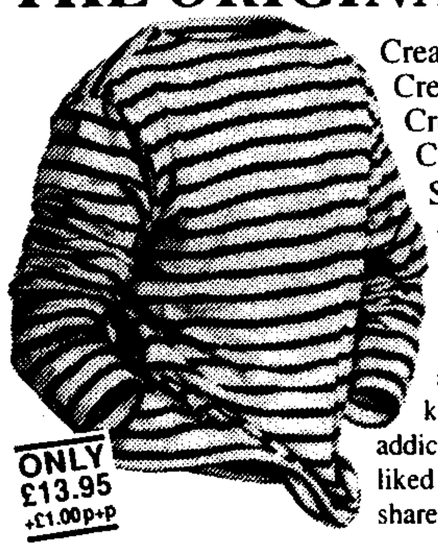

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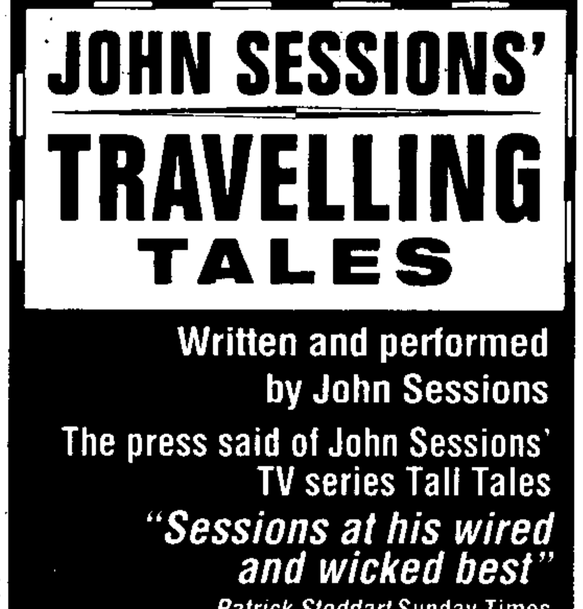

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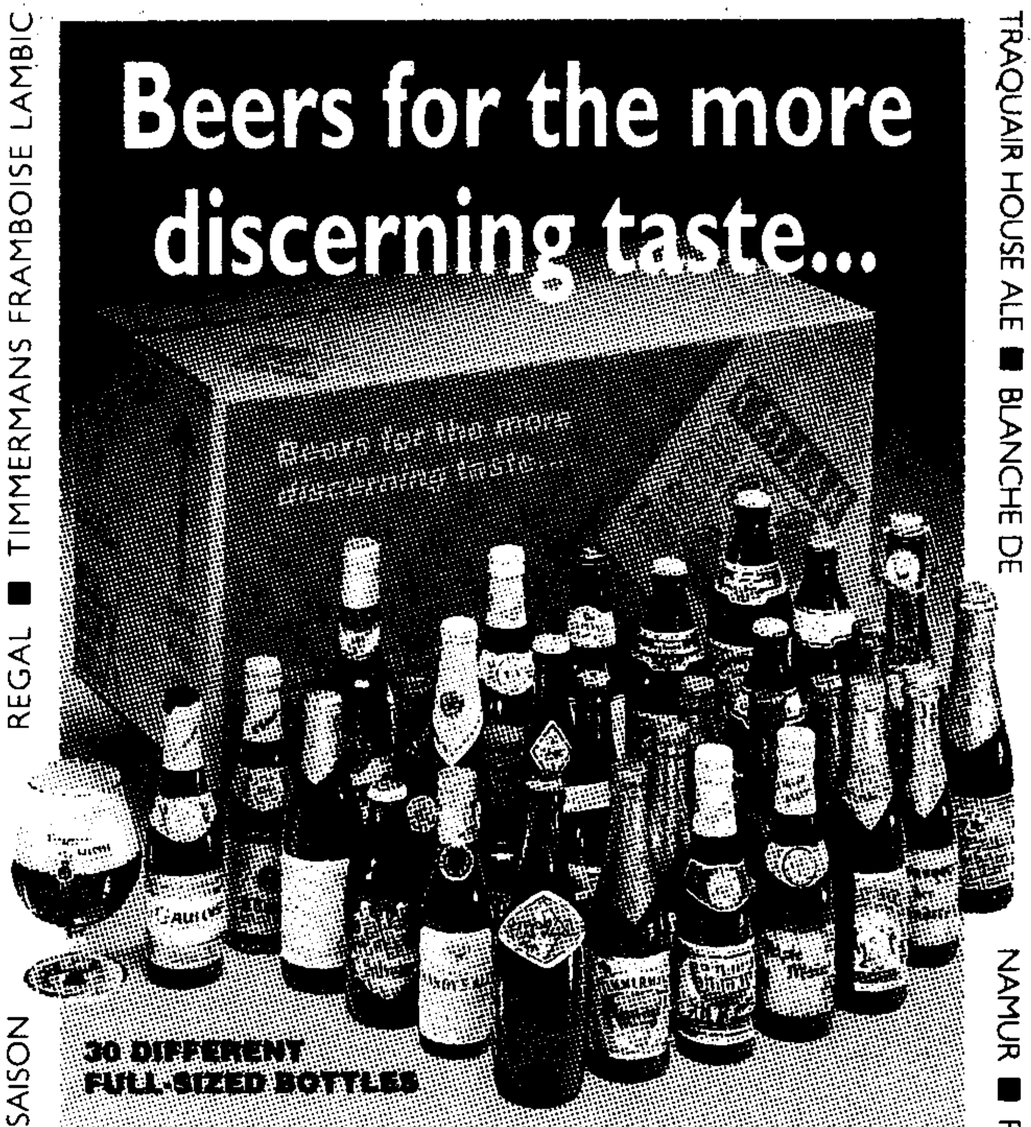

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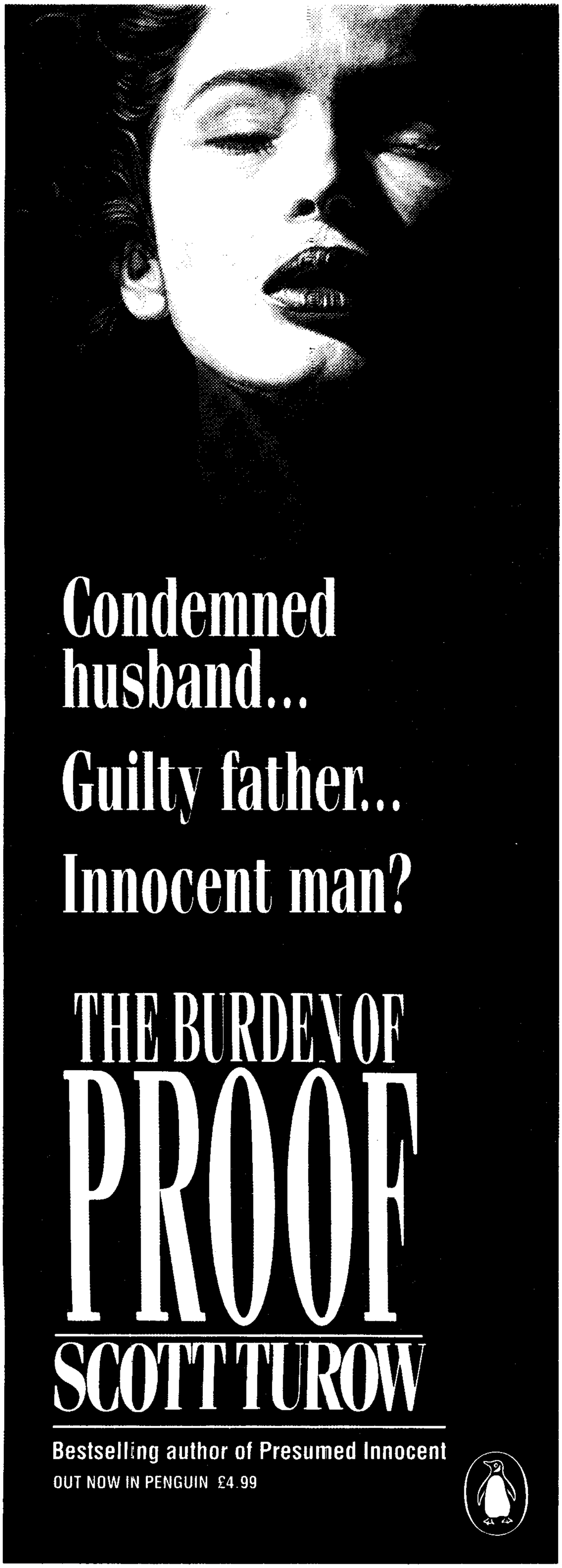

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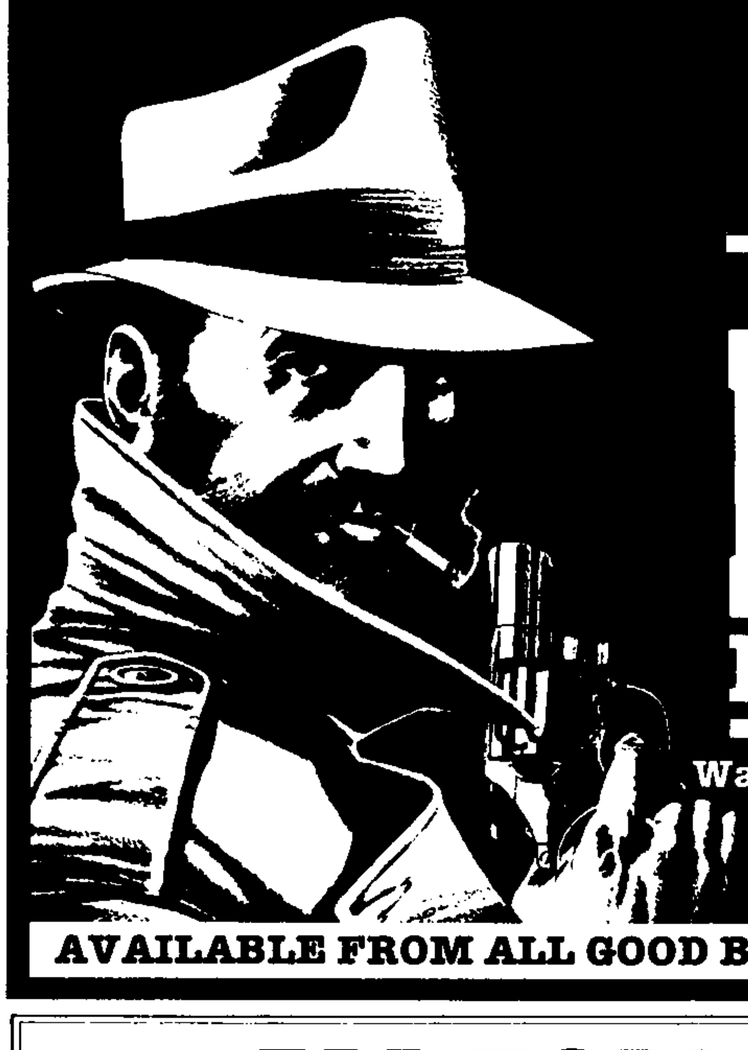

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Daily Gnome Comment

The Dark Night of Tyranny Is Over

FOR 70 years the most evil force in the world has been the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which has spread its tentacles over all of Eastern Europe. The Communist Party and its brutal officials ruled the so-called Union and its satellite states with a rod of iron. For seventy years Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland and East Germany groaned under the same communist chains as the unfortunate nations of the USSR. Lithuanians and Armenians, Georgians and Latvians, Uzbeks and Tartars *(Fill in some more names — L.G.)*; all have suffered under the yolk of Soviet Marxist-Leninism.

This hated tyranny seemed permanent and invincible, with the ruthless state apparatus of the Red Army and the KGB crushing any dissent. Whoever can forget Berlin in 1951, Cuba in 1957, Hungary in 1963 and Prague in that memorable spring of 1971?

And yet, miraculously, joyously, amazingly, the whole edifice of communism has been overturned in Moscow in three glorious days! Abolished, dissolved, and abandoned by the will of the Russian people! The communist hegemony has been revealed as a flimsy paper tiger and, once challenged, it collapsed like a punctured balloon.

Which leaves only one overriding question: Why did I do business with it for so long? *(Shurely 'What will replace it as the governing power in the new Russia?' E. Strobes)*

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COLOUR SECTION

THE CIA's unerring ability to predict the course of events in Moscow last week was revealed to newsdesks around the world by the Reuter news agency's schedule of headlines on the evening of 20 August, from which we reproduce this extract:

2140 GMT: No sign attack in Moscow imminent — US intelligence

2141 GMT: Shots heard outside Yeltsin's HQ — Newsmen.

CAP'N BOB distinguished himself on Radio 4's *Today* programme on the dawn of the Moscow coup by speculating melodramatically that Boris Yeltsin might be dead.

By the middle of the week he was using the pages of the *Daily Mirror* to give readers the benefit of his informed views on the Russian situation.

The first draft of a leader-page article signed by the great man contained a sentence claiming that he had spoken to Boris Yeltsin on the phone the day before — the day when Yeltsin was reportedly busy speaking with such lesser figures as Bush, Major, Thatcher etc.

When a senior *Mirror* man read the draft of the Fat Man's article, he found this claim highly implausible and bravely decided to question his master on the subject. It soon transpired that the Cap'n had not actually spoken to Yeltsin as such, but to some lowly functionary in the Russian president's office. The piece was quickly altered to ensure Maxwell did not appear even more of a buffoon.

At the same time as imagining himself on the phone with Yeltsin, Cap'n Bob was countermanding orders from *Mirror* executives to send a news hack out to Moscow. When holidaying editor Richard Stott heard about this — in a phone box at Athens Airport — he displayed Yeltsin-like resistance and furiously countermanded Maxwell's order.

THE GOVERNMENT, British Rail and the Government's very own nuclear rubbish bin company BNFL pour scorn on the suggestions of Greenpeace and others that there might be something dangerous in the carrying of nuclear waste from the continent by ferry across the channel. The ferry used for this dubious business is Sealink's ro-ro, *Nord Pas de Calais*.

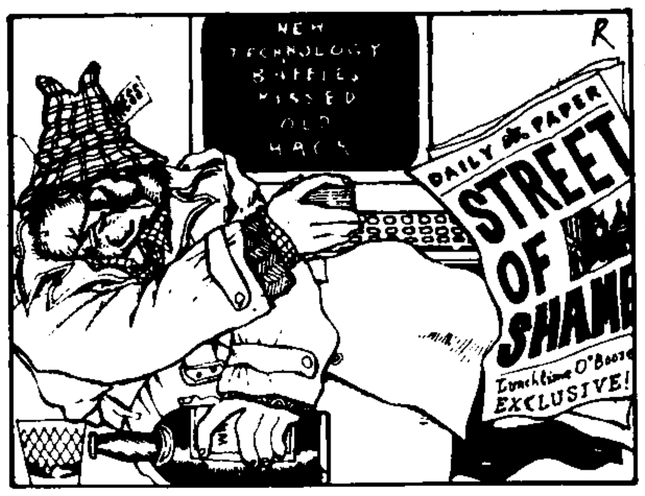
The *Eye* has obtained a copy of a telex message from a Mr Mick Mills, for Sealink's freight manager, to all freight agents, which tells a rather different story. It calls on all freight agents clearing rail wagons off the ferry from Dunkirk to fax a copy of the note stating the goods on each wagon to Railfreight Distribution. It goes on: "The reason being that recently a wagon was shown on a ship's manifest as being loaded with plastics, i.e. non-dangerous chemicals. It was later discovered from the CIM note that the wagon was loaded with UN 1866 class 3 goods, namely araldite. If this wagon had been forwarded with the original manifest information, it could have been marshalled next to a radioactive flask with potentially disastrous results in the event of a mishap."

This is just one of the many thousands of things which could go wrong with this highly dangerous cargo. If anyone wants to know why so much nuclear waste is transported in this way, they should understand that most of France's power is provided from nuclear stations. The French are perfectly well aware of the dangers raised by the vast quantities of waste from these stations. They know, too, that there is only one company and one country in Europe which, for relatively small payment, are prepared to put up with the waste and the dangers of transporting it. The country is Britain and the company is BNFL.

A SPECIAL prize for sensitivity has been won by Mr J.J. Naunton, head of the casework division of the Crown Prosecution Service. Mr Naunton has been trying to explain to the mother of one of the young people who died on the Herald of Free Enterprise at Zeebrugge in 1987 why the CPS did not appeal nor seek an Attorney General's reference against the impudent and offensive decision of Mr Justice Turner in not allowing the manslaughter case against the ferry company, P&O, to go before the jury.

Anxious to study the matter in greater detail, the bereaved mother, Mrs de Rohan, asked Mr Naunton if she could study the transcripts of the trial which Mr Naunton told her he had in his office. No, replied Mr Naunton courteously. Certainly not. If Mrs de Rohan wanted transcripts, he went on, she could get them herself from the shorthand writers.

The minimum cost of such transcripts, he forgot to add, would be in the order of £1,500.



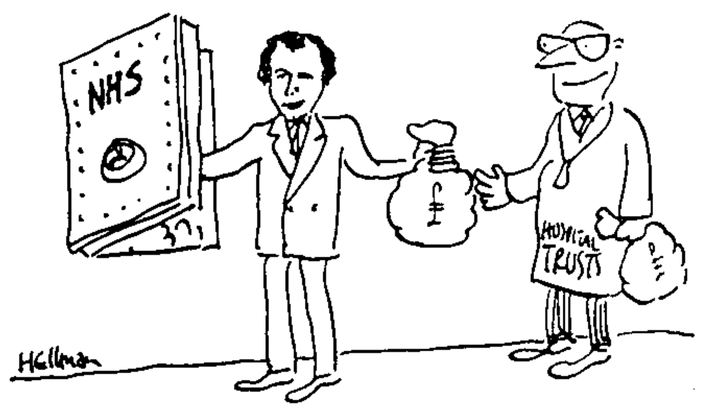
WHILE other newspapers reviewed his unfortunate record of involvement with corporate failure, the *Sun* was uncharacteristically generous to Sir Edward Du Cann in his hour of need.

City Editor David Yelland managed to mention the liquidated Homes Assured Corporation by name only twice in a long article on 20 August.

Yelland did, however, note that "Homes Assured tried to make a mint by lending money to families trying to buy their council houses in the 1980s." Well, yes. What he did not say was that most of those families were *Sun* readers who had been put in contact with Homes Assured by the paper.

Just six months before the liquidators moved in, the *Sun* ran a massive promotion in association with the brokers. The paper devoted its centre pages to a competition in which council tenants could "win" their homes, to be bought with free Homes Assured mortgages.

Readers were not aware that their entries were sent directly to Homes Assured. The thousands responding to the *Sun's* "Win Your House" contest



found that they'd suddenly become "prospects" rather than merely competition entrants.

Homes Assured did not, however, simply use the names and addresses supplied by the *Sun* to despatch junk mail. Instead, teams of commission-only sales staff were sent to call on readers without warning and attempt to flog them endowment policies and other financial services.

Those persuaded to sign on the dotted line, often for loans to pay for home improvements or deposits "necessary" to secure a mortgage, as well as the heavily-pushed endowment policies, soon realised something was wrong.

Council tenants have an automatic right to buy their houses, so the use of a broker is completely unnecessary — something the *Sun* had neglected to make clear. Homes Assured's administration was in a complete mess, resulting in long delays in processing applications, while its customers were expected to pay inflated endowment premiums even though their mortgages had yet to come through.

Homes Assured's brief but expensive existence (debts of £9.7 million after only two years trading) left thousands of embittered creditors and dissatisfied customers. A large proportion were *Sun* readers. It's unlikely that they'll forget who supplied their names to Homes Assured, even if the paper would like them to.

HACK WATCH No 7: Piers Morgan

PIERS MORGAN, the *Sun's* pop columnist, complained recently that whenever he was mentioned in *Private Eye* the tag "gormless" was attached to his name. This, he revealed, upset his mother.

Sorry, Mrs Morgan. But no other adjective quite fits your boy's endearingly uncool persona. Despite constant references to his "star pals" such as Sting, David Bowie, etc — most of whom haven't even heard of him — the fact is that the besuited hack knows little about rock music or musicians.

Consequently he has to fill his "Bizarre" (sic) column with stories ripped off from pop magazines such as *Q* and *NME*, and PR puffs for evanescent "celebs" such as Gary Stretch or Chesney Hawkes. His most grateful client is Joanna Burns, the PR woman for Gloria Estefan, who long ago realised that Piers would print unlimited plugs in return for being allowed to claim that he and Gloria are "pals".

Yet the gormless one still likes to imagine that his column is read by the famous. After his wedding this summer, Piers wrote that "Sinead O'Connor and Wendy James would probably have been pretty jealous of my fiancee Marion Shalloe on Saturday."

Judge for yourselves: here are recent highlights from his thrilling column.

17 May: Photo of Kylie Minogue wearing short skirt.

28 May: Jon Bon Jovi has bought a house in Malibu.

30 May: Vanilla Ice has been asked out for a date by Madonna.

31 May: A Sunsational offer — "Here's your chance to look just like George [Michael]. I've got a leather jacket just like his to give away." Piers also consults "top psychologist David Lewis" about George's fondness for dark glasses. "My guess is that he feels his eyes are a window to his soul and the glasses are a barrier against it."

3 June: Ecstatic review of Happy Mondays' concert in Leeds: "Rave on, Mondays!"

4 June: Photos of Dannii Minogue as a child. "Baby, look at you now! Dishy Dannii Minogue has come a long way from the days when she was just your average Australian girl-next-door."

5 June: Photo of Piers presenting platinum disc to "Cuban beauty" Gloria Estefan. Her husband says: "We should be giving you this, Piers, after all the support you have given us over the last two years." Gloria adds: "Thanks for everything. You and the *Sun* have been wonderful to us." But, Piers concludes, "As I pointed out to rock's most charming couple, that's what friends are for." And journalists, apparently.

Meanwhile Kylie Minogue promises "my raunchiest show" when she comes to England in October. Piers dutifully plugs dates and venues.

6 June: A scoop — Rod Stewart has hay fever. *Sun* doctor Vernon Coleman reassures Piers that "it's not that unusual for people in middle age to develop hay fever...he should be OK."

Plug for the reopening of "top London club Browns".

13 June: Another scoop — Rod Stewart has spent £50,000 on a video for his new single, which Piers dutifully plugs.

Winona Ryder is to star in a new movie.

17 June: Ecstatic review of Rod Stewart's "electrifying" concert at Wembley: "Wrinkies rule OK!"

20 June: Ecstatic review of Vanilla Ice's concert in Gloucester: "As cool as ice."

24 June: George Michael attends Boy George's 30th birthday party. "Everyone was thrilled when George turned up," a guest tells Piers.

25 June: Jason Donovan has hay fever shock.

27 June: Photos of Vanilla Ice's fabulous Hollywood mansion.

3 July: Stars "flock" to the reopening of London nightclub Browns.

4 July: Piers prints "the most astonishing photograph of the year" — Sinead O'Connor standing next to a reggae singer and a Page Three girl at "top London nightclub Xenon".

11 July: "My spies tell me" the sensational news that Winona Ryder has visited Madame Tussaud's in London.

15 July: Piers reports his own wedding.

23 July: "Magnificent" Gloria Estefan unveils a model of herself at a wax museum in Los Angeles.

29 July: Photo of Dannii Minogue in short skirt, accompanying plug for her forthcoming film debut.

2 August: Kelly Lebrock visits Browns Club in London,.

6 August: Ecstatic review of Level 42 in concert at Crystal Palace. "Better than the Level Best."

8 August: Peter Stringfellow reveals that Kylie Minogue is "a hot young lady". Piers asks "my pop pals" where they go on holiday. The answer is "just about everywhere...Some are looking for peace and relaxation, others for frantic fun in the sun."

9 August: "Chill out, dudes — here's another awesome contest for my Bizarre bunch", the excitable columnist announces. The prize is a trip to a Vanilla Ice concert. "Yo! Dude be crazy to miss out on this one." Meanwhile, Dannii Minogue "is baring all" in her first feature film — which Piers dutifully plugs again.

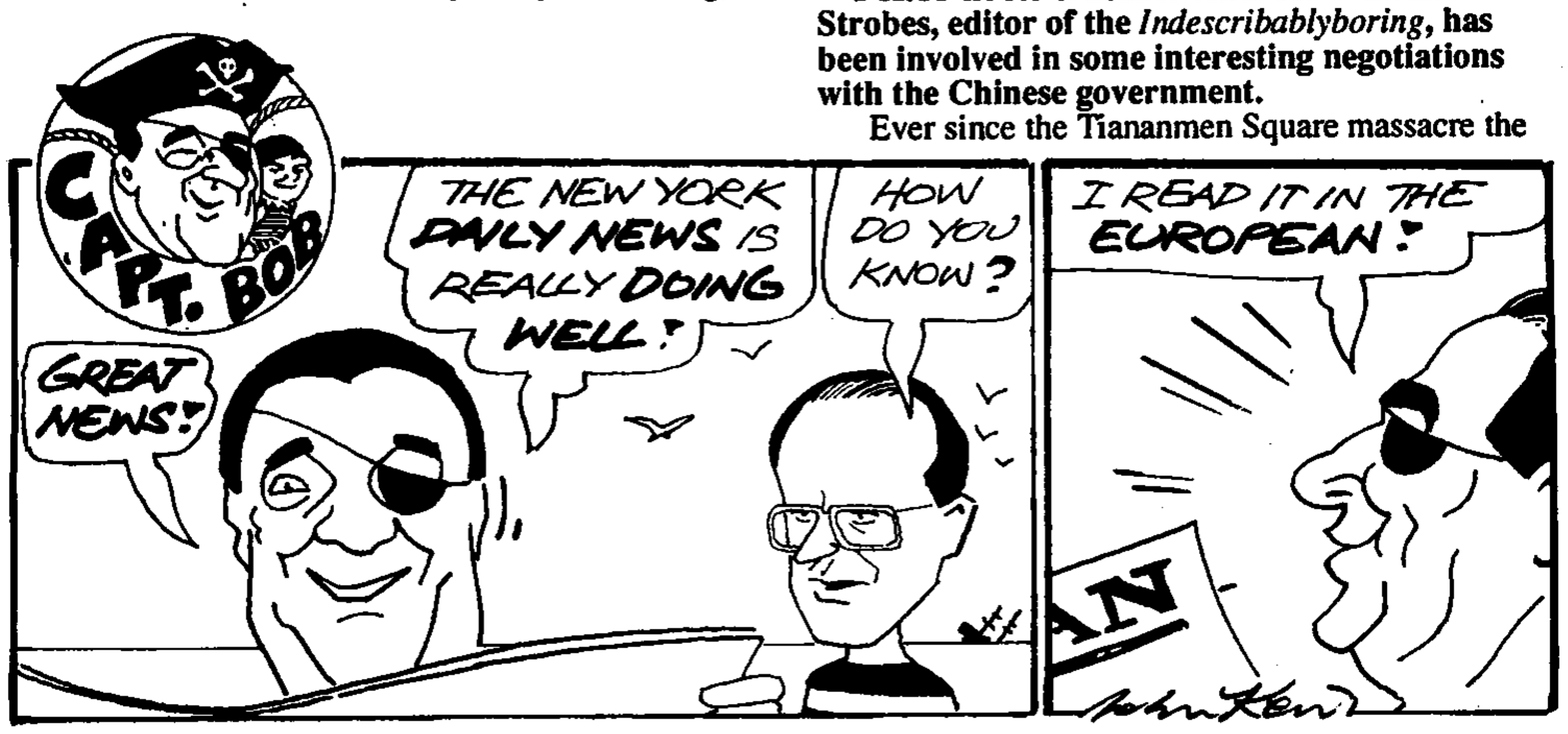
And so gormlessly on...

THAT noble crusader Andreas Whittam-Strobes, editor of the *Indescribablyboring*, has been involved in some interesting negotiations with the Chinese government.

Ever since the Tiananmen Square massacre the Peking regime has been unhappy with the *Indie's* correspondent in China, Andrew Higgins. Recently it informed Strobes that it had had enough of Higgins's independent-minded reporting: he was to be expelled.

Most editors would have taken this as a compliment. But a panic-stricken Strobes realised that this would leave the *Indie* unrepresented in Peking when John Major goes to the People's Republic. So he offered a deal: if Higgins could stay until Major's visit, the *Indie* would promise to send him home and close down its Peking bureau immediately afterwards. And Strobes wouldn't reveal publicly that Higgins had been expelled: he would claim that it was a "budgetary decision". The Chinese have gratefully accepted this generous offer.

Concluding the deal at a convivial meeting with the Chinese charge d'affaires in London, Strobes pricked up his ears at the diplomat's references to "Mr Higgins's generous car." The next time he spoke with the correspondent, the miserly editor angrily accused him of driving around Peking in a huge limo and helping to bankrupt the *Indie*. Higgins, who travels everywhere by bicycle and doesn't have a car, was briefly mystified — until it dawned on him that the man from the embassy had in fact been talking about "Mr Higgins's journalist's card."



JOBLESS executives in central London are feeling understandably cynical when faced with more "economic recovery" rhetoric from ministers.

Despite employment secretary Michael Howard's promises to open up more job clubs, one of the most prestigious in the country, the Executive Job Club in Regent's Park, is closing on 31 August because of lack of funds.

It only opened last January. Its untimely demise has so outraged one user, Richard Moore, a former general manager, that he decided to complain personally to his MP, John Maples, who is also a Treasury minister.

Maples shrugged his shoulders at Moore's remonstrations, promising that he would bring the matter to the attention of the inconsequential Employment Services Agency. But as Moore got up to leave, the sporting Lewisham West member suddenly announced: "I suppose you think I'm a bit of a chump. I've got four jobs, you know. Bit unfair isn't it? I'm overworked!"

Richard Moore's only solace from this remarkably uncompassionate *faux pas* is that after the next general election the marginal Maples may have one job fewer.

The outraged Moore later agreed to take part in a debate on unemployment with Battersea Tory MP John Bowis on Angela Rippon's LBC breakfast-time show. After the interview an argument developed between the two men, during which Bowis revealed a hitherto-little-known use for the more exclusive brand of dole collector.

"It's a good thing that there are so many unemployed executives," he told Moore, obviously in jest. "They are willing to work on the Tories' election campaign for free!"

THE Department of Transport's desperate anxiety to assist big corporations, including ones which pay money to the Conservative Party, has plumbed new depths with its report on the Marchioness disaster.

The report is very soft on the owners of the Bowbelle, the dredger which smashed into the Marchioness. It does mention that the Bowbelle was involved in a small, non-fatal incident of the same kind in the past. Nigel Spearing MP now reveals that there have been six incidents of collisions between the dredger and other craft in the last few years, one of which was with a pleasure craft.

No new restrictions are suggested for these dredgers or their profitable trade, which has brought in so much money to its owners, Ready Mixed Concrete, which doles out contributions each year... to the Conservative Party.

BRITISH people living abroad who have taken advantage of the Government's generous extension of the franchise to register for voting at the General Election have been surprised to receive an almost instantaneous letter from Chris Patten, chairman of the Conservative Party.

The letter asks the new elector for a donation to "continue the revitalisation of Britain". A banker's order is enclosed to enable the new elector to pay as much money as he or she likes to the Conservative Party.

WHILST Cabinet Secretary Sir Robin Butler (whose views are old-fashioned SDP) is likely to survive a Kinnock election victory, two other important heads are certain to roll.

One is Treasury boss Sir Terence Burns, who rose up the London Business School ladder and became one of Thatcher's favourite protegés. The other is the recently-appointed Chief Economic Advisor, Alan Budd. He is a Tory, and may not be regarded as sound on Europe by Labour's totally and utterly Europhile Treasury team.

A successor for Burns as Permanent Secretary is already in the wings. Enter, from right-of-centre, Treasury mandarin Nicholas Monck, who came to prominence as Denis Healey's private secretary in 1976. Old Etonian Monck is now the Second Permanent Secretary — an amazing achievement considering that his wife Liz is a long-standing Labour member of loony Camden Council.

A successor for Budd may be harder to find. The likeliest lad is Gavyn Davis, chief UK economist at City finance house Goldman Sachs, who happens to be married to Kinnock's secretary. He was offered the post of adviser to Labour's shadow chancellor Peter Shore in 1983, but was not sufficiently attracted by the salary of £12,000 a year. Considering what he earns from Goldman Sachs and the *Sunday Torygraph*, where he is resident economics guru, it will be interesting to see whether £76,000 is enough to tempt him next time. At least he is totally and utterly sound on Europe.

THERE have been amazing scenes at the Institute of Economic Affairs, where the antagonism between "traditional" and "new" Tories is reaching bloodpath proportions.

Eye readers will have been noting how the old Thatcherite guard, led by the arch-reactionary Lord Harris of High Cross, is locked in deadly warfare with the new Majorite director, Graham Mather. Mr Stuart Holdsworth of the Charity Commission is conducting an inquiry into the IEA to see whether the Institute deserves its charity status, and the substantial tax advantages which come with it, or whether it is, as it has always been, a front for the Tory Party.

So fierce is the faction-fighting that Mr Holdsworth has been leaked a file of internal IEA documents. These reveal a fight to the death between the Harris faction and the Majorities. They include a memorandum to members of IEA's Advisory Council from Patrick Minford, an ultra-Thatcherite from Liverpool University, dated 12 June, which calls for "maximum vigilance over every aspect of future work on the IEA" and a stinging reply from Mather, suggesting that all the talk by Harris and Co about the "scholarly traditions" of the IEA is so much hogwash, when the real issue is that the old guard want the Institute to ally itself with the Thatcherite Bruges Group, whose attitude to Europe is summed up in the old adage that wogs begin at Calais and the men of Kent are suspect.

Supporters of the Harris (Bruges) group have hit back with the suggestion that the Trustees of the IEA support the Mather leadership because so many of them owe their knighthoods and peerages to the Conservative Party and therefore want to keep the line open to Number 10.

The state of affairs at the IEA is now so desperate that Harris and Mather will hardly agree to appear in the same room. The Harris faction has also cast around for supporters in the Press and have come up with Frank Johnson, who writes the *Sunday Telegraph* Mandrake column. On 11 August Johnson revealed that when Mather appeared on the radio programme *Any Questions* he "received the same briefing notes for the programme as do most Conservative MPs". This is just the sort of thing which Mr Holdsworth of the Charity Commissioners might think links the Institute too closely to the Government.

The main effect of the campaign by the Harris supporters could be, therefore, that they lose their beloved Institute the tax advantages which keep it going.

MRS Thatcher's favourite bit of blue tartan, Michael Forsyth, MP, is suing the Channel 4 *Dispatches* programme for libel.

Given that the so-called "exclusive documentary" aired in June was merely an amalgam of cuttings from the *Sunday Times* and the *Glasgow Herald*, recounting the plunge in Party fortunes under his chairmanship north of the border and his patronage of disgraced former members of the disbanded Federation of Conservative Students, observers are curious as to the actual libel.

Meanwhile, in rural Peebleshire, senior Tories have quit the local party en masse in protest at the stance adopted by another former Forsyth protégé — Lloyd "Dead" Beat, the prospective candidate for Sir David Steel's seat.

The old-fashioned Tories are opposed to a build 'em high, sell 'em cheap 'n' nasty development proposed by local builders Kelvin Homes — who have Deadbeat's enthusiastic support.

IN THE *Eye* 774 we published an item about Bournemouth Tory Shelagh Carmichael and her erstwhile links with the National Front, in the course of which we suggested that her late father had been chairman of the National Front branch where she had served as secretary. John Carmichael, Shelagh's brother, has complained about this reference to his father.

We accept that Pat Carmichael was never chairman of the Bournemouth National Front. This was an error. However, he was chairman of a local ratepayers' association, from which six members of the executive committee resigned in 1977 on the grounds that Mr Carmichael had displayed National Front sympathies. According to the Bournemouth *Echo*, Richard Fennemore said that he and the others had resigned because of a 10-minute speech by Mr Carmichael that was "pro National Front".

There is no doubt about Shelagh Carmichael's temporary involvement with the National Front. Indeed, it now transpires that she forgot to mention this detail when filling in an application to become an official Conservative candidate.

'Backbiter'

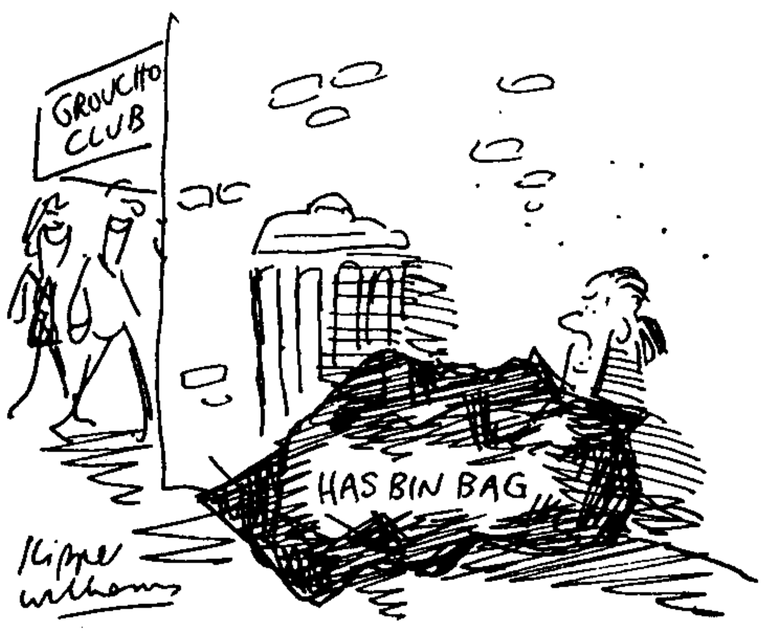
JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S BIG TOP
SENSATIONAL CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
MADAME LAMONT PREDICTS ★
WHAT ARE YOU PREDICTING FOR THE END OF THE YEAR?
I PREDICT... THAT I SHALL BE GREATLY EMBARRASSED!
John Kent

Grovel

MY LITERARY chum, the Duchess of York, is to write another book in the wake of her bestselling children's book *Budgie the Helicopter*.

The subject, this time, belongs more to the territory of that other royal plagiarist, Princess Michael of Kent. For Fergie has chosen to write a book about Queen Victoria's travels around Europe.

No doubt this will justify a freebie grand tour. The Duchess should be warned that I shall be casting a curious eye over the various historical sources on the subject, in anticipation of her charming monograph.



● *I AM heartened to hear that an unseemly dispute between celebrity chef Anton Mosimann and his wine supplier has been settled.*

Norfolk wine merchant Trevor Hughes, a friend of Mosimann from his days at the Dorchester, has been the sole supplier to the chef's exclusive Belgravia dining club — one of my favourite supper venues — since it started three years ago.

Anton was peeved when Hughes's company made an unfortunate error, putting the wrong labels on Mosimann's club champagne — causing my old friend to threaten non-payment.

In riposte, Hughes spunkily slapped a couple of writs on Anton for a total of £61,000. I can reveal that this had the desired effect, and the matter has been resolved to Trevor's satisfaction.

I FEEL that the Greatest Living Englishman was perhaps a little hasty in refusing to be interviewed by Melbourne's 3WA radio station on the occasion of the tenth wedding anniversary of Charles and Diana.

"I'm a little too big for Australian radio, don't you think?" he told the supplicant antipodean broadcasters. "Anyway, I charge $5,000 for half-an-hour."

It seems to me that at a time when republicanism is rampant Down Under, Pratt-Dumpster should have cast aside his pride and done his bit for the monarchy with good grace.

Pseuds Corner

As the ball scorched its way through the Wembley air bound irrevocably like some leather Exocet for the corner of the net it screamed out for epistemological confirmation. Seeing is believing — and this was a religious moment — but in the face of such divine creativity it wasn't understanding. It called for dissection, discourse, a dissertation. What it got was disappointing.

ANDREW ANTHONY
Guardian

It [surfing] is not something that is wild and animal and separate from culture. The point that I want to make is that it is deeply integrated in culture. It's like Roland Barthes' assertion that Racine and wrestling are of equal interest. Why should literature be considered more intrinsically important than surfing? Surfing is the drama of salvation and perdition. The surf board is a sort of Noah's Ark. I wanted to get away from the stereotypes.

DR ANDREW MARTIN,
King's College, Cambridge
The Independent

Although far from eccentric, the fractious Them and Us energy that comes tumbling out of Lady Georgina Murray can make anyone over the age of 24 feel slightly superannuated. She loves Harley Davidsons and had a butterfly tattooed on to her shoulder blade by a French monarchist Hell's Angel. Would anything induce her to have it removed? "*Why* isn't it respectable to have a tattoo? My cousin Johnny (Lord Doune) is going to have his coat of arms tattooed on to *his* arm."

The Tatler

For me, [Bryan] Ferry on stage has always been a man writhing to escape the coils of psychic bondage. The restraint in his daily life becomes on stage a kind of visible torture as the ego struggles to escape from its nervous self-consciousness and be reborn as a refulgent star. Ferry never quite achieves this epiphany when performing live because this letting-go, this giving-out is difficult for him.

DUNCAN FALLOWELL
Sunday Times

Sharon Wilson, singer and guitarist with local band Crisis Children, and third-year student on Newcastle Poly's Creative Arts course, has recently completed one of Newcastle's most unusual site-specific artworks. Sharon spent six months in self-imposed isolation on the top floor of a disused warehouse, working alongside piles of rubbish, a dead pigeon, a rotting settee, and a

marooned filing cabinet and swivel chair. It was in this uninspiring setting that she painted the riotously-colourful and manically-animated "mural" designed to unfurl its day-glo splendours next to the stage at the Riverside Club downstairs.

Art News, Newcastle

CONTRIBUTORS: Goudie Charles, Michael Switsur, J. Penn, Ted Robbins, Valerie Elson.

£10 paid for entries

● *MY FRIEND Bruce Anderson, the talented biographer of John Major and former Sunday Torygraph political columnist, knows how to travel in style.*

Last year "Brute" was invited to appear on Radio 4's Any Questions? down in Cornwall. Owing to the pressure of events, he felt unable to take the train and very reasonably insisted on a helicopter.

The Torygraph's grey men churlishly refused to pay for this excursion, leaving the helicopter charter company with a bad debt to the tune of £2,000.

Knowing how concerned he is about the plight of small businesses, perhaps they would like to send Brute an invoice for services rendered at his new place of employment, the Sunday Getsmuchworse.

I AM glad to hear that President Mikhail Checkland is fearlessly forging ahead with his policy of *perestroika* at the BBC.

The DG has informed staff that they will no longer receive their free weekly copy of the *Radio Times*. The whingers have been informed that there is no room for such extravagant perks in the new lean, mean world of broadcasting.

I am told that backsliders who suggest that this will be no great loss, as no one wants to watch John Birt's boring programmes any more, will be ruthlessly purged.

● *I HEAR that my stylish friend Degsey Hatton has applied for legal aid in the wake of being charged with a further offence against the citizens of Liverpool.*

I trust that the officials responsible for disbursing the taxpayers' money have taken into account Derek's various emoluments for his splendid Michael Murray impersonations in the popular media.

I MUST commend the efforts of my old friend Sir Evelyn de Rothschild in doing his bit towards defeating inflation.

While pensioners of Rothschilds, the City merchant bank, are complaining that their 1991 increase of five per cent is below the 90-91 inflation rate of eight per cent, the chairman's salary has risen from £360,000 to £585,000 — a splendidly inflation-beating 62 per cent.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

IS THIS is the Silly Season, here is a story about a silly project which has spoiled a far-from-silly historic building in the silliest by far of European Cities of Culture — Dublin.

As I reported in *Eye* 760, the capital of the Republic of Ireland has not responded to this Euro-accolade with the enthusiasm and enterprise displayed by Glasgow. Indeed, this Year of Culture is being marked by a singular lack of serious cultural activity.

Dublin could, still, emerge as one of the most beautiful Classical cities of Europe; instead, it is characterised by empty sites, sudden demolitions, rotting historic monuments and widespread pollution.

Now, I must try to be positive, for some good things have happened recently. James Gandon's great Custom House is being restored and the Irish government deserves praise for facing up to the reality of history by restoring the disgracefully vandalised Irish National Memorial in Phoenix Park, designed by Lutyens to commemorate 49,000 Irishmen (all volunteers) who died in the Great War.

But the fact remains that the few surviving terraces and squares north of the Liffey continue to rot, that dilapidated, redundant monuments abound and that buildings can mysteriously collapse overnight.

Charlie Haughey and the boys seem determined that Dublin should be a city most enjoyed by road engineers, demolition contractors and builders. In the late 18th Century, it was one of the best administered cities in Europe. Now it is one of the worst.

When impudent foreigners like myself make such unkind observations, the authorities point with pride to the recent opening of the Irish Museum of Modern Art in the old Royal Hospital at Kilmainham — likely to be the one significant, positive event of Dublin's Year of Culture. Well, yes. But... the sad fact is that the conversion into a museum of one of the grandest, most venerable and important historic buildings in Ireland has been more than a little destructive.

The Royal Hospital, a little to the west of Dublin, was founded in 1684 to accommodate old soldiers. It used to be said that these lovely buildings, arranged around a large quadrangle, were modelled upon Wren's Chelsea Hospital. But now it is clear that what architect William Robinson had in mind was Les Invalides in Paris — designed, of course, to perform the same function. But the last British pensioners left Kilmainham in the 1920s. The future of the hospital has been problematic ever since. In the early 1980s a (far from ideal) restoration was carried out and the fine rooms in one wing opened to the public. But most of the hospital continued to consist of small rooms and corridors on two floors, illuminated by large windows.

Such a building is not ideal for the display of modern art, which requires large, plain, white hanging surfaces. So the conversion to house the Irish Museum of Modern Art was, inevitably, damaging. Internal

walls and floors have been removed, along with fireplaces and skirting boards; other timber floors have been replaced with concrete while the arcaded cloister around the quadrangle has been glazed in.

Now it is true that, in his minimalist, high-tech "intervention" the architect, Shay Cleary, has tried to be discreet. But that is not the point. The point is that something precious and special has been needlessly damaged. For not only does Dublin already possess a municipal gallery of modern art (in the old Charlemont House by Sir William Chambers), but a home for the new Museum of Modern Art could easily have been found elsewhere. After all, the city is scarcely short of historic monuments desperately in need of new life.

Not that the Kilmainham Hospital would have been left empty and in danger. In 1985 an inter-departmental committee recommended that the former old soldiers' accommodation should be used to house the National Museum's collection of silver, jewellery and furniture — which would have required the minimum of conversion. At the same time it was sensibly suggested that the proposed Irish Museum of Modern Art should use Stack A, an early 19th Century warehouse in Custom House Dock, much nearer the centre of Dublin than Kilmainham. But, in 1987, the Taoiseach's Department decided to ignore these recommendations. Hence the spoiling of the Kilmainham Hospital.

Why did Mr Haughey make this decision? As even his worst enemies would never accuse him of being remotely interested in architecture or historic buildings, we must assume that other criteria influenced him. No doubt these will emerge in due course. Meanwhile, as cultural events of this importance are rather unusual in the European City of Culture 1991, most commentators seem reluctant to look a gift horse in the mouth, although that rare voice of architectural sanity and civilisation, Frank McDonald of the *Irish Times*, continues to express his strong reservations.

When the Teashop was asked last December whether he had any reservations about the project, he naturally replied, "none at all". After all, he had called in the National Heritage Council for advice, "so we wouldn't interfere with the integrity of this magnificent building". Odd, then, that this same National Heritage Council expressed its grave worries about what was going on at Kilmainham last December — in a memorandum which, for some reason, has not been published. But that is just par for the course in Europe's City of Culture for 1991.

'Piloti'

THE COLIN WALLACE AFFAIR

AN INTERESTING document entitled *Beyond Belief: A Catalogue of Deception; The Case Of Patrick David Nicholls* by William Thompson and George Mooney, has been sent to the *Eye*. It tells the story of Patrick Nicholls, 66, who, the document alleges, "has spent the past 16 years of his life in prison for a crime that never took place."

Nicholls was convicted at Lewes Crown Court in November 1975 of the murder of his friend Mrs Gladys Heath in Worthing the previous April. When Mrs Heath's body was first examined by a Home Office pathologist Dr Hugh Johnson, he declared she had died of natural causes, and senior police officers led by Detective Superintendent Laurie Finlay of Sussex police agreed. DS Finlay went off on holiday.

On his return he was astonished to discover that the pathologist had changed his mind. Mrs Heath was now said to have suffered a violent death at the hands of Mr Nicholls, who had been charged with murder. Finlay protested, was taken off the case and retired early. To this day he still regards Mr Nicholls as not guilty.

The case proceeded under other officers, including the then Detective Inspector Gordon Harrison. A man called Jack Boorer gave evidence that Nicholls had confessed to him in prison. Nicholls was convicted and sentenced to life.

Despite a complete retraction of his evidence by Boorer, a detailed article in (of all places) the *Daily Express* questioning the verdict and a Thames Valley police inquiry into the Sussex force's handling of the case, Nicholls remains in prison to this day.

This may seem just another case of routine injustice in the British courts, but it has special interest for *Eye* readers. Five years after the Heath case, Sussex police were faced with another curious death — that of antique dealer Jonathan Lewis, whose body was found in the river Arun.

Home Office pathologist Ian West went down to Arundel from London, examined the body and declared that Lewis had died by drowning and that there was no suggestion of foul play. The police seemed to agree, and that seemed the end of the matter. A few days later, the whole story changed.

Dr West did another autopsy, consulted the SAS and the CIA and declared that Lewis had been knocked unconscious before he drowned by an extraordinary karate-style blow with the heel of a hand to the bridge of his nose.

Almost at once, Sussex police pounced on Lewis's best friend, Colin Wallace, a former information officer for the British Army in Northern Ireland, and charged him with murder. In March 1981, at Lewes Crown Court, despite contradictory evidence and consistent denials from Wallace, he was convicted of manslaughter and spent six years in prison.

The officer in charge of the Wallace prosecution was the promoted DCI Gordon Harrison. Wallace still protests his innocence, and believes he was framed because of his refusal when in Northern Ireland to tell lies about elected politicians and to cover up systematic child abuse by a Protestant paramilitary leader at the Kincora Boys Home. Soon after Wallace went to prison, the Home Secretary announced a top-level British police inquiry into the allegations about Kincora. The chief investigating officer was DCI Gordon Harrison.

9.00 **BANDUNG FILE SPECIAL. The BCCI Story — The Fraud of the Century. Bandung File, which in 1989 defied threats of legal action to screen the first investigation into BBCI's drug connection, returns to the subject to unravel the events that led to the closure of the bank and ask some pointed questions as to why the Bank of England waited so long to act.**

PICK OF THE DAY

Evening Standard, 13 August 1991

TV

The Play on One: Out of the Blue

(BBC1)

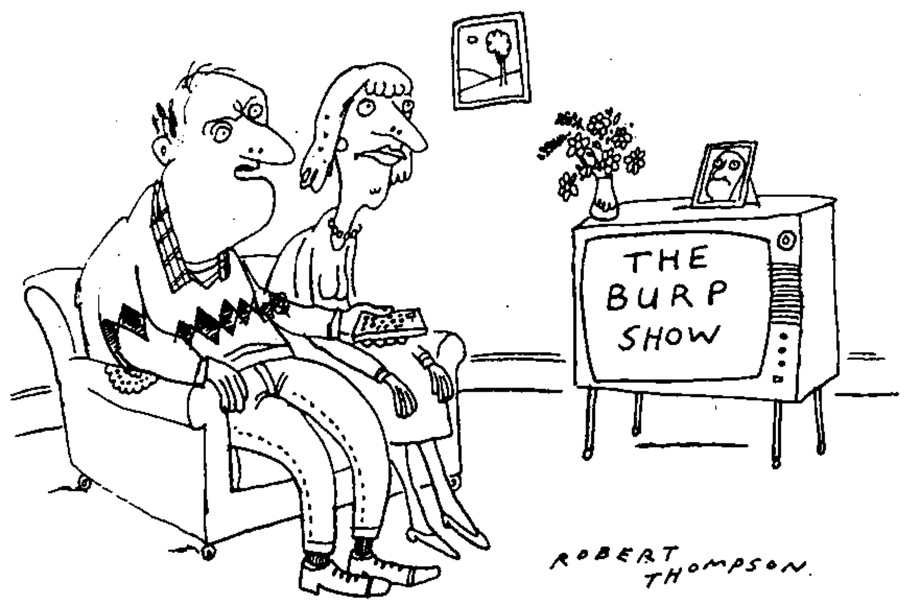
INTRODUCING Graham Alborough's drama *Out of the Blue*, the BBC continuity announcer somehow managed to sound chirpy. It was, he bouncily revealed, about "that complicated dividing line between reality and fiction!" It was a fine, professional performance but you knew that, underneath, even he must have been thinking: "Oh God, not another one!"

Once, many years ago, a playwright, working alone at night in his laboratory, chanced upon the discovery that many of those who produce art become dissatisfied or disbelieving of reality. Ever since, Potter's Law, as the rule was to become known, has been the guiding principle of television dramatists.

For a long time, it has been said, with some justice, that all English novels were about novelists. Increasingly, however, it is also the case that all television plays are about television playwrights or some other tightly-related branch of media creator (the main man in *Out of the Blue* is a film director). There is virtually always a play within a play. But you know how, sometimes, when it says on the box that batteries are included, you get home and they aren't? Well, sometimes, with the play-within-the-play, they forget to put one of the plays in. Sometimes, they forget both.

Out of the Blue was a particularly appalling example of the form. It had received far more advance publicity than is normal for a work of its kind, because of tabloid excitement over the revelation (carefully stoked up by the BBC) that this was the play in which Catherine Zeta-Jones, Marietta in *The Darling Buds of May*, would reveal her "darling buds" (geddit?) to the camera.

A good working rule, for those seeking to make a splash in the crowded world of television, is that post-modernism with nudity sells better than post-modernism without. Dennis Potter's *Blackeyes* was as dry as a California lawn but the sexual element ensured acres of publicity. *Out of the Blue* had learned the lesson well: if it's going to be Pirandello, make it Pirandello with tits. Indeed, watching *Out of the Blue*, you realised that *Blackeyes* has started a school. This is bad news. Frankly, only Myra Hindley is less suitable to start a school.



"Bloody repeats"

Out of the Blue's plot involved Alan (Colin Firth), a hesitant commercials director, becoming sexually obsessed with the beautiful — but, wait for it, mysterious — Chirsty (Miss Zeta-Jones and her darling buds). Unfortunately, Alborough has slightly misunderstood the bit in the post-modernist handbook about having lots of tits and made Alan one as well. The character of Alan poses the old question of whether a boring character is automatically dull in fiction but, unfortunately, you've fallen asleep before you find out the answer.

Anyway, Alan takes Chirsty to an island. He carries a camcorder and keeps aiming its prong at the girl ("capturing" her, students please note). By moonlight, she exposes her darling buds. *Sun* viewers, having one of their rare exposures to this genre, may have been disappointed that her chest was minimalist as well as post-modernist. The actress had given the usual interviews about the scene being dramatically necessary. It was, but only in the sense of necessary to keep anyone watching through the poetic dialogue — "Careful! White lies show up in the dark!" — and a serpentine sub-plot involving another media person's loss of a finger.

However, in the context of the script, it becomes clear that Chirsty has opened herself up to Alan because of his skill at telling stories. But the viewer learns that Alan is a fantasist, a liar, the stories don't add up. He is using stories to seduce people. Hang on, you don't mean, just like an artist? That is exactly what the dramatist means. (It is revealed that Alan has used private scenes of the girl in a video for commercial exploitation.) Chirsty screams at him: "When are you going to learn? You can't just tamper with people's lives!"

But the *Sun* readers, cleverly added to the audience by the advance publicity, have long ago given up hope of her taking off her blouse again and have gone to bed, bored by the differences between art and reality.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

IF EVER proof were needed that the present round of television franchise applications is an absurd and (for some shareholders at least) a rather sad joke, look no further than the TVS debacle.

The beleaguered station recently bid £55 million a year to retain its franchise. It was clearly a bid too far. There are few who believe that new TVS boss Rudolph Agnew can do anything other than break even during the 10-year franchise period. Sources inside TVS doubt that even this is possible.

Meanwhile, quite why there hasn't been a Stock Exchange inquiry into the dealings of Central TV shares is a mystery. Following a report that Central had bid only £1 million to retain its franchise, its shares leapt from £6 to £8 in a day. Whether or not the rumour was true didn't seem to matter. The Stock Exchange asked Central whether the leak had come from them. They said "no". The Stock Exchange accepted the answer and the punters got richer and fatter. Then, when it was revealed that Central had in fact bid only £2,000 a year for the franchise, the shares leapt another 60p. Again the Stock Exchange did nothing.

The Stock Exchange has lamentably failed in its duty to ensure that there is an "orderly market" in Central shares. Central is worth either £5 a share or £10 a share, depending on the size of the bid. The company says it ain't telling, because the Independent Television Commission won't let it. The ITC, on the other hand, says it would *prefer* bids to be kept under wraps — but won't actually do anything to stop TV stations from revealing them. But if all the bidders put their cards on the table, everybody would know — and that's no good if you're dealing on, well...how should we say, "hot" information.

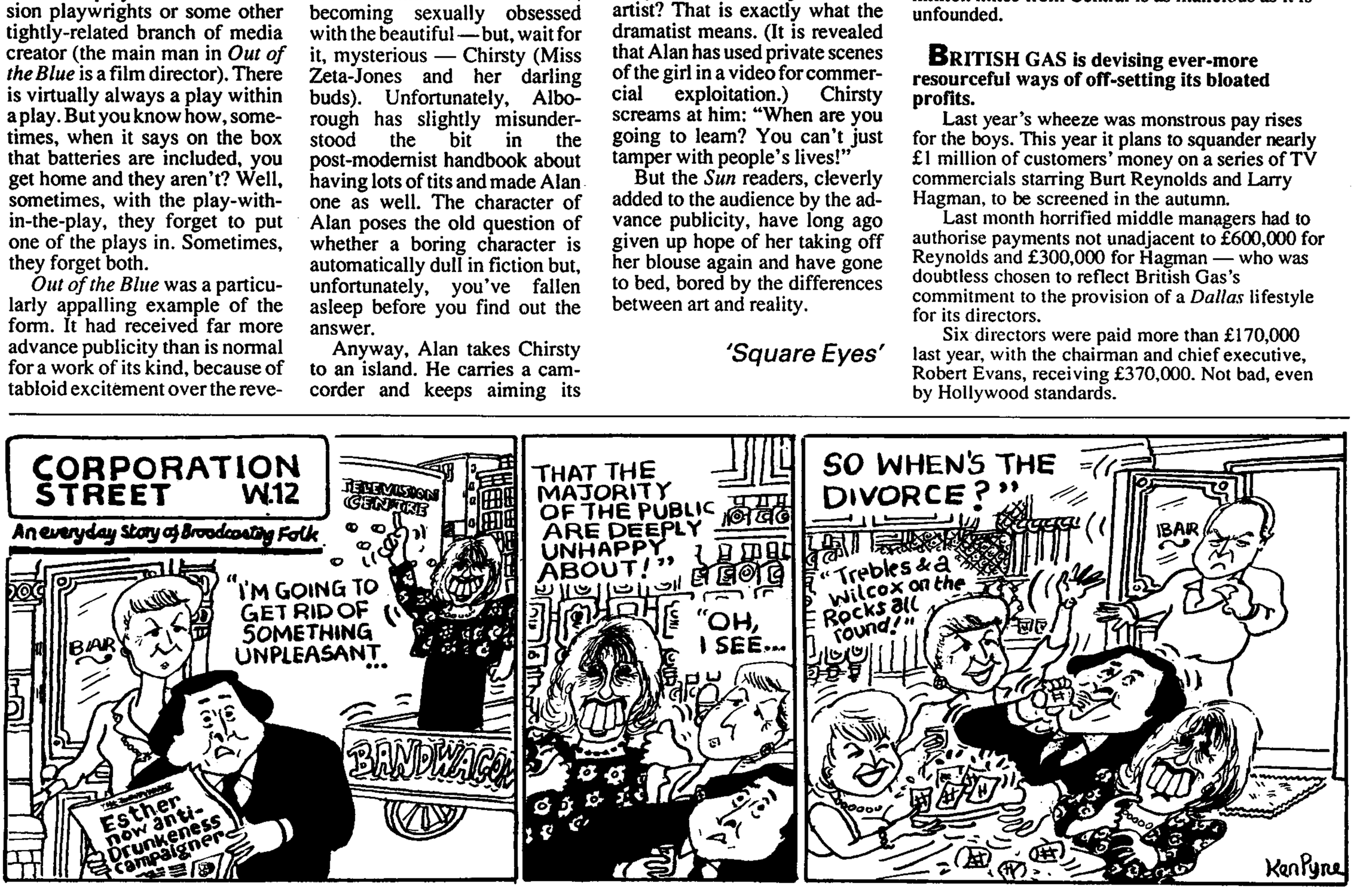
The rumour that the Stock Exchange is taking an interest in the share dealings of certain members of the ITC as well as individuals not a million miles from Central is as malicious as it is unfounded.

BRITISH GAS is devising ever-more resourceful ways of off-setting its bloated profits.

Last year's wheeze was monstrous pay rises for the boys. This year it plans to squander nearly £1 million of customers' money on a series of TV commercials starring Burt Reynolds and Larry Hagman, to be screened in the autumn.

Last month horrified middle managers had to authorise payments not unadjacent to £600,000 for Reynolds and £300,000 for Hagman — who was doubtless chosen to reflect British Gas's commitment to the provision of a *Dallas* lifestyle for its directors.

Six directors were paid more than £170,000 last year, with the chairman and chief executive, Robert Evans, receiving £370,000. Not bad, even by Hollywood standards.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"I'M GOING TO GET RID OF SOMETHING UNPLEASANT..."
TELEVISION CENTRE
BIAR
BANDWAGON
Esther now anti-Drunkeness campaigner
THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE PUBLIC ARE DEEPLY UNHAPPY ABOUT!"
"OH, I SEE...
SO WHEN'S THE DIVORCE?"
"Trebles & a Wilcox on the Rocks all round!"
IBAR
Ken Pyne

I-BSkyB

Mr McCarthy's incarceration will render puzzling to him Kylie Minogue, Pamela Bordes, Ninja Turtles, Tiananmen Square, *The Satanic Verses*, Gazza, BSkyB and "outing".

ALAN HAMILTON
Sunday Times

WHEN it comes to a really big, breaking story there's only one channel worth watching: Sky News.

I was hooked to the screen all day on Thursday as hostage John McCarthy's flight to freedom unfolded step by step.

Sky News presenters — particularly the girls — keep the facts flowing as live links fall down around their ears. They don't get the credit they deserve.

News of the World

CONTRIBUTORS: Andrew Murphy, Tom Lewis.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

LIBEL NEWS

WINNERS and losers in the libel game are often difficult to identify, despite outward appearances.

For example, when Michael Meacher became the first libel plaintiff in years to lose hands down in court for his absurd lawsuit against *Observer* columnist Alan Watkins, the world was led to believe that he would have to pay dearly for his misjudgement. But Meacher was let off paying the *Observer*'s costs in an act of supreme magnanimity by that paper, and promptly sued his own solicitors for negligence on the grounds that they did not properly advise him of settlement bids by the *Observer*. It has now transpired that, rather than defend the negligence claim, Seifert Sedley agreed to waive their costs. Presumably, this included counsel's fees. If so, it means that Meacher barely lost a penny for his act of folly.

The case of Labour MP Brian Sedgemore against *The Times* and its columnist Robert Kilroy-Silk has had a similar outcome. *The Times* won in court and Sedgemore was faced with a massive costs bill. Yet *The Times*, like the *Observer* in Meacher's case, agreed to meet its own costs in full. Because Sedgebore had a cosy deal with his own solicitor (i.e. no fees were charged), he only had to fork out £7,000 to pay counsel's fees.

Theresa Gorman, the whining Tory MP for Billericay who recently won £150,000 damages from local businessman David Mudd over a spoof press release, has been celebrating her tax-free windfall despite knowing that she will not see every penny of it. For Mrs Gorman's solicitor was Peter Carter-Fuck — and he always ensures that his costs are paid in full. When Carter-Fuck obtains settlements in libel actions, it is always done on the basis that his costs are met in full (what is called "an indemnity basis" by members of the legal profession) by the defendant. However, when cases are won at trial, the losing side has the right to have the other side's costs taxed (i.e. independently assessed by a special judge called a taxing master).

Aside from appealing both the verdict and the amount of damages, Mudd is intending to have Carter-Fuck's exorbitant costs taxed, which means that they will almost certainly be reduced. (In 1985, when the *Eye* had Carter-Fuck's costs taxed in the Tudor Roberts case, the bill was reduced from £60,000 to less than £20,000.) Carter-Fuck has an understanding with Mrs Gorman that she will have to pay him any shortfall that emerges from the taxation — news that will no doubt cause many tears to be shed.

GREAT CONMEN OF OUR TIME

LIBEL solicitor Peter Carter-Ruck, notorious for over-charging clients, has come a cropper at the hands of lunatic self-styled art dealer Ira Gale.

The avaricious Carter-Fuck was delighted when Gale approached him and instructed him to issue proceedings against *Art Line*, the art trade magazine, which had suggested that Gale is a dangerously expensive man to do business with. Carter-Fuck took up the case with gusto. Perhaps he should have made some discreet inquiries about his client's colourful past first.

Gale's technique was to exploit the standard art trade practice of taking work on approval, whereupon he would persuade leading galleries that he had major museums and dealers waiting to buy works from him. For example, in 1986, Christian Neff, director of West End dealer JPL Fine Art, allowed Gale to take away works by Bonnard and Pissaro valued at £18,000. Neff recollects that when payment failed to materialise, he tracked Gale down to the Westbury Hotel, New York, and phoned him there. Before hanging up, an agitated Gale claimed to be in the US buying hotels. The Bonnard painting was shown to Neff sometime later — by one of his Californian clients who had purchased the item in good faith.

In 1988, at the Los Angeles art fair, Gale deposited a valuable modern master drawing for sale-or-return with stand 332, belonging to Cork Street dealer Odette Gilbert. Another private dealer, James Kirkman, appeared. When he saw this work he angrily proclaimed it to have been stolen from him. The "misunderstanding" was subsequently resolved and the drawing returned by Gale.

At the same art fair, however, Rene Gimpel, of London gallery Gimpel Fils, bumped into Gale and demanded to know the whereabouts of two works (by Alan Davie and Reg Butler) that Gale had taken on approval rather a long time before. Gale produced from his pocket some architectural drawings of the multi-million dollar gallery he was supposedly building in LA. He also told Gimpel that he was about to be institutionalised on medical grounds. (Indeed, he was committed to a New York psychiatric hospital for a short time by his brother soon afterwards.)

Later, Gale reappeared in Odette Gilbert's Cork Street gallery and persuaded her that he had exclusive rights to a display case in the Britannia Hotel in South Audley Street, Mayfair. If she would lend him some *objets* for the display case, he said, it might attract affluent tourists to her gallery. In the presence of the hotel security officer, Gilbert placed a £15,000 Picasso ceramic and a Frank Dobson piece in the cabinet. When she returned to inspect the case, the items had vanished. Police and Interpol failed to locate Gale, but he re-established contact with Gilbert and somehow persuaded her to drop charges against him, much to the annoyance of Savile Row CID. He then persuaded the gullible Carter-Fuck to sue both Gilbert and *Art Line* magazine for libel over a story about the fiasco.

Art Line instructed solicitors Collyer Bristow and barrister Adrienne Page, who filed a sturdy defence containing signed affidavits from numerous art dealers calling into question Gale's honesty. Carter-Fuck panicked and began to fear that he would be unable to recover his top-scale fees.

On the day the defence was filed, Ira Gale was arrested in Edinburgh and imprisoned overnight for pulling out a knife during a discussion and declaring "I'm armed and dangerous". Gale was bailed to appear before Edinburgh magistrates last December, but failed to show, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He has not returned to face the charges. His libel action has presumably collapsed and Carter-Fuck has been left with a substantial hole in his ample pocket.

HUNT NEWS

THERE were ugly scenes at the meet of the South Dorset Fox Hounds on 31 March last year. A car containing six members of the Southern Anti-Bloodsports Society was tipped over (with the saboteurs still inside), causing £900-worth of damage. Two terriermen were subsequently convicted of causing criminal damage to the vehicle at Dorchester Crown Court.

A couple of days later, a firebomb was discovered at a saddlery belonging to a member of the South Dorset Fox Hounds. Assuming this to be an act of revenge by the protesters whose car had been damaged, police arrested the six and held them for up to 14 hours, while their homes and workplaces were searched. Nothing incriminating was found and the six were released.

The Southern Anti-Bloodsports Society sued the Chief Constable of Dorset for wrongful arrest. In February the County Solicitor of Dorset conceded that the Chief Constable would not contest liability. After an out-of-court settlement, the saboteurs have now received £14,000, plus costs.

AIR NEWS

MICHAEL HESELTINE returns from holiday next week to decide whether to allow City Airport to extend its runway and take big jets. The report of a public inquiry awaits him. Mowlem's, the contractors, are letting it be known that they believe the decision has been taken in their favour. The Department of the Environment says this is just kite-flying. But it may turn out to be true, because Heseltine is anxious to bring undreamed-of riches to East London, just like he did to Liverpool.

An expanded airport would fit in to his grandiose scheme to build a new town east of London, so that the City stretches all the way to Southend. The grand design would include a Channel Tunnel terminal for high-speed trains at Stratford.

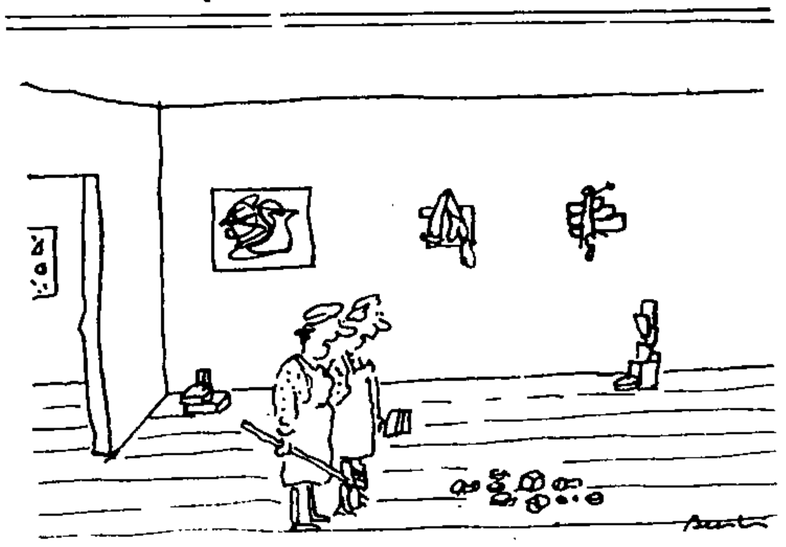
Establishing the rail link would be in keeping with the way the airport was built in the first place, by gaining acceptance on the basis of an empty promise. When City Airport was built, the Docklands Development Corporation assured local residents that it would never be used by jets. Now they want to extend the runway from 768 feet to 1,199 feet and allow 20,000 jet movements a year.

The argument is that the airport is not profitable because it can handle only 300,000 passengers a year — which is exactly what the objectors said when it was built — and needs 500,000. Independent experts on air traffic now say that even with this number it will still run at a loss.

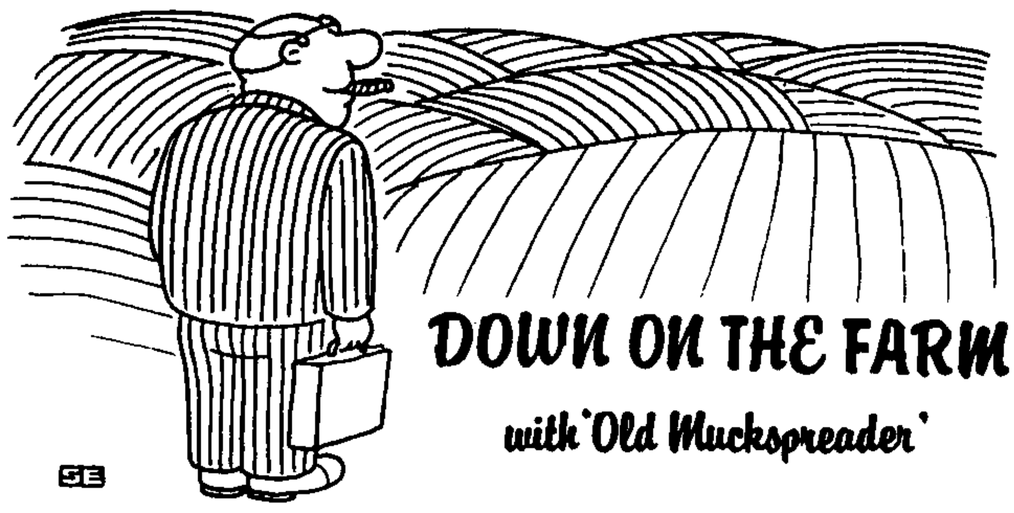
Linked with the runway extension is the design of a new bridge across the Thames, which has to be low enough to avoid collisions with aircraft taking off. And the bridge needs a new road which must run through Oxleas Wood on the south bank, which has been undisturbed for 8,000 years.

This has aroused the anger of local residents and Friends of the Earth. They are petitioning the EC, because the scheme needs not only the approval of a British Cabinet minister but also an "environmental impact assessment" from Brussels, as it defiles a Site of Special Scientific Interest. If Heseltine agrees to the scheme he may well find himself embroiled in litigation with the Common Market.

He might conclude that the easiest way out would be to refuse to lengthen the runway and turn City Airport into a heliport. Except that for Heseltine "helicopter" is a sensitive word. The last time it came up in Cabinet, he walked out.



"Do we sweep it up, or is it art?"



DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE startling events in the USSR highlight once more the historical anomaly that socialism has achieved in the Russian Empire. Before the Bolshevik revolution food was not in short supply.

The main economic problem for the Tsar's ministers as the revolution brewed was the difficulty of transhipping the huge grain and meat surpluses grown for export.

Seventy-five years of collective ownership, however, have reduced the Russians to being food importers. One of the many happy side-effects of last week's failed coup may be the restitution of property rights in the Soviet wheatlands. The world food economy could be transformed — and the EC and Mr MacSharry left high and dry.

FRESH from their discouraging experience of the Islamic banking methods of BCCI, the Sabbatarian councillors of the Western Isles offer an odd window into their subsidy-hungry souls.

A press notice from the Crofter's Commission reads: "The myth that Highland crofters are slow and behind the times could be dispelled once and for all if a Western Isles bid for new European money is successful.

"The Scottish Islands leader team, chaired by vice-chairman Pete Morrison from Lewis, is ahead of all other bidders in the race to secure the £300 millions available for remote areas."

The crofters used to represent a kind of windswept rural integrity, full of the kulak virtues. Now they sound just as avaricious and foolish as the NFU, reduced to trying to harvest subsidies like the rest of the criminal agricultural classes.

NB: This Peter Morrison is not Sir Peter Morrison, the Laird of Islay who successfully engineered the coup to depose Mrs Thatcher while her PPS. Councillor Morrison is much brighter.

THE Min. of Ag. has commanded the Thames Water Authority to spend a further £1 million on its preposterous £5 million effort to lower the Berkshire water table.

The trees along the River Pang have been felled and the bends straightened out. Barley, wheat and oilseed rape have displaced the cattle and sheep which grazed the meadows. The wild flowers have gone. The snipe, kingfisher and peewit have gone. The mallard and moorhen are now rare. The water voles and otters have gone.

Hooray for the Min. of Ag!

SOME unkind jokes are being made about John Selwyn Gummer by his civil servants at the Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Fisheries.

Senior staff who have to accompany Gum-Gum on MAFF business refer to this irksome duty as "taking the chimp for a walk". What is more, there is a filing cabinet in Gummer's office full of his collected policy speeches. It is apparently referred to as "the cricketer's box" — because it contains bollocks.

The latest cruel joke has it that the next time Major meets Bush he'll arrange to swap Gummer... for Dan Quayle.

Sporting Life

ONE of the most entertaining aspects of the current flat-racing season has been the spectacle of assorted Press Room codgers (mainly the old tossers of the brown trilby persuasion) twisting this way and that in response to the personality and achievements of this year's Derby-winning jockey, Alan Munro.

After his brilliant victory on Generous at Epsom, the young upstart was roundly ticked off by the likes of Lord Oaksey for his supposed rudeness to the hacks at the post-race press conference, where he told them that the details of his financial arrangements with owner Fahd Salman were none of their business.

There were all sorts of mutterings by the codgers about the advisability of this whippersnapper showing them more respect in the future. Otherwise a terrible fate might overwhelm him. "This is a game that pairs tigers," one tosser declared, displaying the sort of elliptical wisdom of those nutcases who come up to you on the sidewalk in New York and announce that "The moon in January is a walrus," etc.

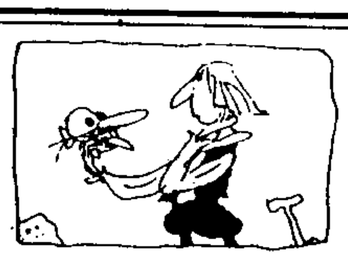
Curiously, since the Derby, no terrible fate has overwhelmed Munro. He has displayed the same technical mastery of the hazards of Ascot and The Curragh that he displayed round Epsom Downs in June, leaving the codgers with no option other than to salute Generous while trying still to have a go at his jockey, claiming that the dual Classic winner is such an outstanding horse that any other pilot would have done just as well as the insolent Munro.

Lord Sandown's most comical assertion, made in response to a letter written to him at the *Daily Telegraph* in July, has been that even a gentleman amateur could have won the Blue Riband on the Salman colt — and probably every bit as impressively as Munro. "Of course an Amateur could win the Derby," he loftily informed his North London correspondent. "And if you'd ever seen John Hislop ride you would know why... blah, blah, blah."

Oaksey was modest enough to admit that he personally might not have won this year's Derby — only because he'd have been too heavy, you understand — but added: "I did win the Moet and Chandon four times." And so he did. The old Moet. The annual amateurs' canter around Epsom each August Bank Holiday Monday. Not the least difference between that and the Derby being that the Moet merely pits chap against fellow chap, with none of the indignity of the demon Lester, Steve, Willie or Pat breathing down their necks. And countless experienced professional jockeys, most infamously the grizzled Greville Starkey on Dancing Brave in 1986, have found the pitfalls of Epsom on Derby Day too much for them.

Others encounter trouble in humbler contests. On the occasion of Lord Sandown's most recent return to the saddle, in an invitation race at Ascot last September, he was beaten eight lengths into fifth place on the filly Garah. According to the *Raceform Notebook*, his mount was always close up "but found herself boxed in on the inside rail over a furlong out". Not that there was any suggestion of pilot error, naturally. And there was a perfectly charming press conference afterwards. What a lot young Munro has to learn.

'Major Bonkers'



LUVVIES

'Tis Pity again tonight which coheres a little more. Saskia Reeves (Annabella) goes in to overdrive in 4.3 and I follow. It's like playing tennis with each other's hearts, this play. Come off knackered, covered in blood and ready to party. It's Saskia's birthday disco at (yes!) Celebrities. Extraordinary watching actors let go and release the tension accumulated in rehearsals. Scary really...

... Rehearse 1.4 (including Queen Mab) "just to sort out where we are on stage". Relax on the speech, which therefore works. I hate this job. Try on my eagle mask for the dance. Both beautiful and disturbing. The whole design of this show is extraordinary. First real run-through this afternoon. Once more Julian sets the tone for tears and blood to come. Beginning to hitch a lift on Mercutio's journey. Having screwed up the fight again, I relax and watch everybody else sweat. It's riveting. There's something special and original going on here.

TIM McINNERY
Weekend Guardian

The levity was necessary in a rehearsal period which grew ever more demanding. No mean Irishman himself, Peter Egan (a darkly obsessive Astrov) aimed for the Chekhovian bull's-eye of hysterical, absurd humour seamlessly blended with an emotional rawness. That can make for a rehearsal atmosphere which is... well... hysterical.

The play requires X-ray acting. Thank God we have a "company" where people have worked together before, who share some form of rapport, where trust can exist to provide the jumping-off point for the rather dangerous acting required. Emotional turns on a sixpence which a cast must gamely throw themselves into.

KENNETH BRANAGH
The Sunday Telegraph

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 for contributions.

HUSBAND

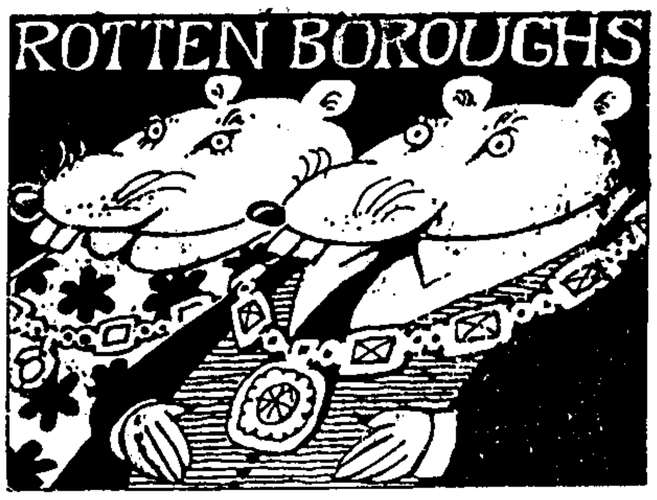
I've put left and right on your boots so you know which feet to put them on
LEFT
RIGHT
Cor, ta...
RIGHT
It's just a pity I can't read
RIGHT

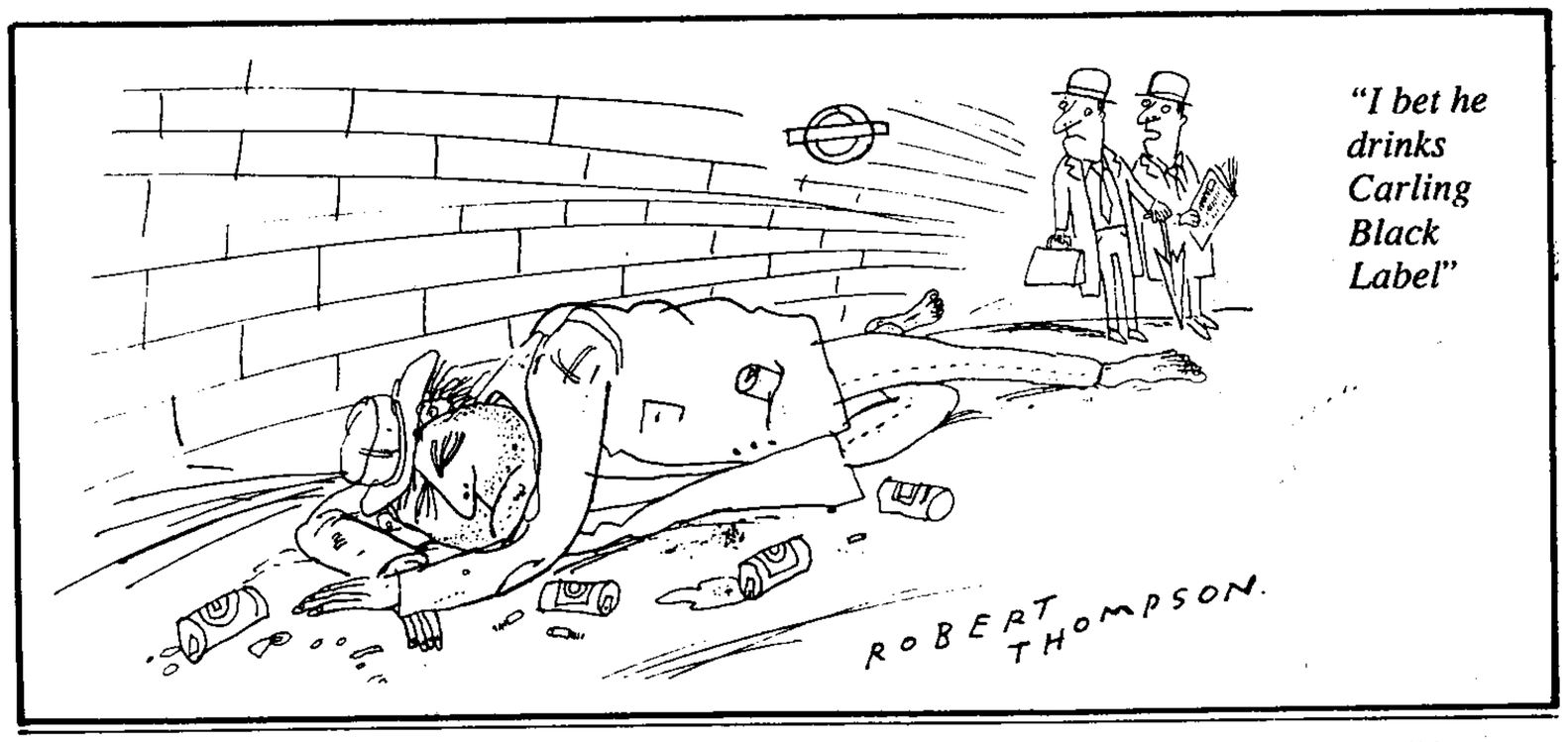
DISCORD is rife inside Friends of the Earth, the most successful pressure group in Britain. At FoE's annual conference in Sheffield next month the press will be excluded, in case any whiff of disagreement reaches the world outside.

For the past year FoE has been split over its attitude to the Gulf War. A small group felt that it should have come out in opposition to it. The leadership argued, probably with the support of most members, that FoE was an environmental organisation, not a peace group.

With the war now history, the issue should be of little interest to anyone not immediately concerned with the minutiae of FoE office politics. But now a fierce code of conduct for board members has been proposed, to the anger of many, which says that they must make no comment to the media about internal FoE affairs.

So much for green glasnost.





EAST STAFFORDSHIRE

TROUBLE is brewing in Burton-upon-Trent, home of East Staffordshire council, where Inspector Knacker has launched a major fraud probe into a series of property deals involving millions of pounds of public money.

The deals under investigation took place between 1985 and 1988 and concern a number of Staffs' most desirable locations including Marchington Camp, site of a prospective prison, and the former council depot on Derby St, Burton, as well as a number of colourful former town hall figures.

For much of the last 10 years property developers, local enthusiasts and Government officials have tussled over Marchington Camp, near Uttoxeter. The Home Office wants to build a prison on the 102-acre site and has offered the local gliding club £500,000 to buy it out. Whitehall astutely sold the same land to the club in 1983 for £82,000.

Knacker will probably want to spend some time with Bob Makin, East Staffordshire's chief planning officer at the time of the most popular deals. Makin resigned in 1988 to set up his own consultancy and development company. A year later, a little-known outfit, Startline, paid the council £806,000 for its one-time depot on Derby St and sold it a few months later for £925,000 — a 14.7 per cent profit.

Unsurprisingly, council leaders were rather miffed that they had missed out on this lucrative opportunity. It wasn't for lack of trying, for Makin, in his chief planning role, had been drumming up interest from local speculators. His success at this was beyond question, for it transpired that he was behind Startline.

Meanwhile, former Tory council leader Erl Thornewill and current Labour leader Dennis Heptonstall both say they know "nothing whatsoever" about Knacker's investigation, claims which have astonished former Burton mayor Fred Smith. According to Smith, Heptonstall had "full knowledge" of recent preliminary inquiries by Staffordshire's Commercial Fraud Unit: "The whole of Burton town hall knew the police were making enquiries about a number of land deals — I even mentioned it in the council chamber."

Thornewill, council leader at the time of the big deals, is no stranger to controversial land transactions. Two years ago he was investigated by the Ombudsman over a planning application to build flats in a private garden in Rolleston. Although council officers had asked for the bid to be rejected, Thornewill argued in favour and won the day. By some astonishing lapse of memory he had forgotten to tell planners and councillors that he and the applicant, Cliff Dunn, were good friends who had holidayed together.

A row ensued once the truth became known. Nevertheless, Thornewill had his own way, or rather Dunn did, and the properties were built. Eventually the Ombudsman caught up with Thornewill, who was carpeted for "reprehensible action" and "bullying" council officials over Dunn's application. The public, however, had the last laugh, kicking Thornewill out of his Rolleston-on-Dove seat last May.

Knacker, who has already interviewed an ever-growing body of Staffordians, is now preparing a brief which will go to the Crown Prosecution Service some time next year. Watch this space.

BRENT

CHAOS now reigns in super-loony Brent, where a fragile Tory regime is desperately clinging to power, propped up by the breakaway Democratic Labour Party, an unholy alliance formed by two black power councillors, Poline Nyaga and Nkechi Amalu-Johnson, who defected from Labour last Spring.

Despite having a council membership of only two, the DLP, according to Amalu-Johnson, now has 5,000 subscribers nationwide — 3,000 of them in Brent. At its present rate of growth the DLP may be able to challenge its virulent opponent, Brent East MP Ken Livingstone, at the next general election.

According to Amalu-Johnson, aka Amazulu, disillusioned Labour members are queuing up to join the DLP. A national conference for the fastest-growing political organisation in the West is planned. "Wembley Stadium will not be big enough to hold us," she boasts.

One disaffected "socialist" councillor who may join the fulsome twosome on Brent's council benches is Asian Harshad Barot. A former Tory Party member, Barot was elected to Brent in May 1990 on a *Labour* ticket, despite a conviction in 1986 for attempting to defraud Brent Council of more than £4,000 in home improvement grants.

Having turned gamekeeper Barot must have thought his problems were over. Not so. Under pressure from the Tories, the council announced plans to sue him and two colleagues over an outstanding £100,000 lent to the dormant Brent Asian Professionals Association which Barot had chaired.

The debt covers council money loaned to BAPA to buy a set of computers as well as rent arrears, legal fees and storage costs. When the organisation refused to repay the loan disgruntled Brent members pressed for remedial action.

Barot, naturally, looked for Labour support in his hour of need, but to no avail. In his desperation to protect his own neck he voted against the proposed council action. Unfortunately, he forgot to declare an interest in voting not to sue himself! Furious Tories reported his behaviour to the Director of Public Prosecutions and a downcast Barot quit Labour in disgust, moaning about lack of support.

His prospects looked bleak, both the Tories and the Liberals having previously blocked Barot's bid to obtain committee places, a conduit vital to councillors looking for inflated expenses claims. But Barot, seeing that the two Brent power blocs, Conservative-DLP and Lab-Lib, were so closely matched, apologised to the Tories, blamed his momentary lapse of decorum on a dodgy hearing aid and threw in his lot with the new council leadership! His committee places have now been restored and it has even been alleged that Barot has been promised that the council will no longer co-operate with the DPP.

Meanwhile, Amazulu is milking every last drop of publicity from incredulous journalists. At a recent council meeting she challenged councillors to reveal whether they had been having Ugandan discussions with council colleagues — most apt for someone who once declared her support for former Ugandan dictator Idi Amin.

MURKEYSIDE

TALES of high-living among executive officers of cash-strapped Liverpool City Council continue to come from disgruntled clerical underlings. Readers will remember Chief Executive Peter Bounds's £125,000 bridging loan provided by the Council last May *(Eye 772)*.

While waiting to move into his "cottage" in Woolton village, Bounds has booked himself into the Adelphi Hotel on numerous occasions at a cost to the poll tax payer of £90 a night. Bounds is on £80,000 a year, 25 per cent more than the chief executive of Cheshire County Council, despite the fact that Cheshire has twice the population of the Pool.

Meanwhile, Personnel Director Pat Archer-Jones is off to South Wales. It was she who devised the notorious "points plan" for making council workers redundant. If you were off sick with anything from a broken arm to a terminal illness during the last six months, it meant the sack, regardless of however many years' service you'd put in. Numerous cases of unfair dismissal are being brought as a consequence of the idiotic scheme. But Archer-Jones will be 200 miles away when Liverpool's citizens pick up the tab.

What does the *Liverpool Echo* have to say about all of this? Bugger all. The rag has failed to follow up any of the *Eye's* stories about lack of propriety among council bigwigs. The paper that told Murkeysiders to vote Thatcher in 1979 is now a fanzine for Labour council leader and onion-peeling champion Harry "Gazza" Rimmer. The *Echo* gets lots of advertising from the council in its throwaway freesheet, the *Liverpool Weekly Star*. No point in biting the hand that feeds you, is there?

BIRMINGHAM

THE recession in Birmingham is over. Well, it is if the city's munificence with its chargepayers' dwindling cash reserves is anything to go by. New figures show that Linda Longbottom, the city's bizarrely-monickered PR person, received a "relocation package" worth more than her £45,000-a-year salary when she was appointed last year to boost the motel city's crumbling image.

In prising Shortarse away from the British Nuclear Forum, where she was PR for 73 nuclear power-generating companies, the council offered her a five-part signing-on fee consisting of separate payments of £1,696, £6,000, £7,370, £14,000 and £17,500. Most of these payments related to the sale of her luxurious residence in sleepy Sussex and her quest for a suitable property in the West Midlands. At first, the house-hunting Shortarse commuted weekly from East Grinstead to the Black Country, staying in the sumptuous city centre Copthorn Hotel at a cost to the council of another £2,660.

Meanwhile, the city spares no expense when it comes to rewarding the loyalty of its most successful representatives. Former leisure services director Jimmy Munn, who led Brum's failed campaign to stage the Olympic Games, is still on the council payroll — two years after "retiring".

Munn stepped down as leisure boss in April 1989 when he was 59, taking early retirement with a pension. But only six weeks later the council awarded him a two-and-a-half year contract worth around £25,000 a year to act as a "consultant" building links with outside sports bodies.

According to recently-released council records, now eagerly being devoured by a public reared on years of municipal secrecy, Munn's contract is worth £2,090 a month for 130 days work a year. For this he has attracted no fewer than **three** world-renowned sports bodies to Britain's second city — the British Student Sports Organisation, the Physical Education Association and the All-England's Women Lacrosse Association.

IN THE ARMY

WHAT prompted the extraordinary decision by the Minister of Defence to merge the Ulster Defence Regiment with the Irish Rangers?

The decision has caused a wave of outrage among Orangemen, who see it as the beginning of the end of their power base in Northern Ireland. The UDR is a formal regimentation of the old Protestant 'B' Specials, the hated sectarian gangs who spent their time hounding Catholics and Republicans. There is hardly a single Catholic in the regiment, which explains in part why so many former UDR men are now in prison for the most horrible sectarian murders.

The pressure to "merge" (disband) the UDR has come not from Nationalists or Republicans, but from other regiments in the British Army who have had to serve with it. Leading the field in this regard has been the Scots Guards, nearly 30 per cent of whose officers are Roman Catholics, as are a good proportion of NCOs and other ranks.

On recent duty in Northern Ireland, the Scots Guards were horrified by the taunts of the UDR men. "How can you take orders from a fucking taig?" was a typical question asked of Scots Guardsmen by their comrades in the UDR.

On one occasion, three Scots Guards officers turned up for a UDR briefing. They went into the wrong room in the Nissen hut set aside for the briefing. The room had recently been vacated by the UDR briefing team. On a blackboard in the middle of the room was chalked the formation of the Scots Guards battalion with Catholic officers denoted by a green circle. This caused such offence that an official complaint was made. Attached to the complaint were comments from several Scots Guardsmen that they regarded the bigoted attitudes of the UDR as an even greater menace than the Provisional IRA. The decision to "merge" the UDR is one of the consequences.

OCTOBER SURPRISE

NEW YORK'S *Village Voice* newspaper has backed up *Eye* reports of a British connection to the scandal nicknamed "October Surprise", which is beginning to look ominous for George Bush.

An increasing body of evidence suggests that, as the weeks ticked by prior to the 1980 US election, President Carter supplied the Iranians secretly with weapons in the hope of obtaining the release of the 52 American hostages held in the US Embassy in Teheran. Meanwhile, it is claimed, the Republicans, led by William Casey, then chairman of Ronald Reagan's campaign committee and later to become head of the CIA, bribed Iranian officials to delay the release of the hostages until Reagan and running-mate Bush had won the election.

The *Voice* has obtained a British Customs report and an itemised list of arms shipped, which implicates the MoD in deliveries of weapons to Iran in 1980.

The intermediary for the British connection was arms dealer Ian Smalley, who claims to have delivered Chieftain tanks and tank engines as well as Bell helicopter spares — all from the MoD. Other sources told the *Voice* that Smalley was also part of an Israeli network supplying arms to Israel's supposed arch-enemy, Iran.

Smalley's British bankruptcy meant that when he was charged in 1982 with sending Chieftain tank engines into Iran he had to use his brother to put up the bail money. He subsequently fled to America — but not before trying to blackmail the British government.

Smalley claimed he had photographic evidence that both the British and American governments were secretly supplying Iran through Portugal, France and Germany with spares and weapons to facilitate the hostages' release. Much of the equipment came from or through Israel. Smalley claimed it had the sanction of the US government at the highest level.

Smalley was, at the time, thought to be one of the world's top-ranking arms dealers. A sting was mounted against him in the US, involving customs, the Justice and Defence departments and local agencies in Texas. The sting was wound down, on instructions from the State Department which other officials found hard to believe.

For they had Smalley on tape trying to procure 17 silenced sub-machine guns for the Libyan Embassy in the UN. They had Smalley telling undercover agents that he would arrange to have the crew of the ship that was supposed to carry tanks to Iran killed. And they had Smalley trying to bribe all manner of US government agents to facilitate the tank deal.

During these protracted negotiations Smalley was regularly commuting between London and Dallas. It was in London that he was arrested on the suspicion that he had exported Chieftain tank engines to Iran.

His first reaction after a night or two in Brixton was to threaten the British government. He claimed he could prove that RAF VC10s had delivered spares to the Ayatollah's regime. He offered to pay a hefty fine and donate a substantial sum to the South Atlantic Fund if charges were dropped. They were not dropped, and have never been withdrawn. Smalley fled to the US rather than risk jail. But, as he was being pursued in the UK, he was secretly being set up in the US.

It was believed that Smalley had bribed officials in the Office of Munitions Control in Washington. Law enforcement agencies wanted to use Smalley to identify other dealers and US officials who had secretly sanctioned illegal arms deals.

Smalley never, at any stage, offered to co-operate after his arrest and was always confident that he would escape the effects of any prosecution. All attempts to get him to co-operate failed. So did the trial which took place in Dallas where he was charged with minor offenses. Smalley was acquitted.

This trial was not without drama. The CIA contacted the US Attorney, Jim Rolf, and told him that he and his assistant Shirley Lobel were in danger from Mossad, who were unhappy that the weapons-smuggling operation might be revealed.

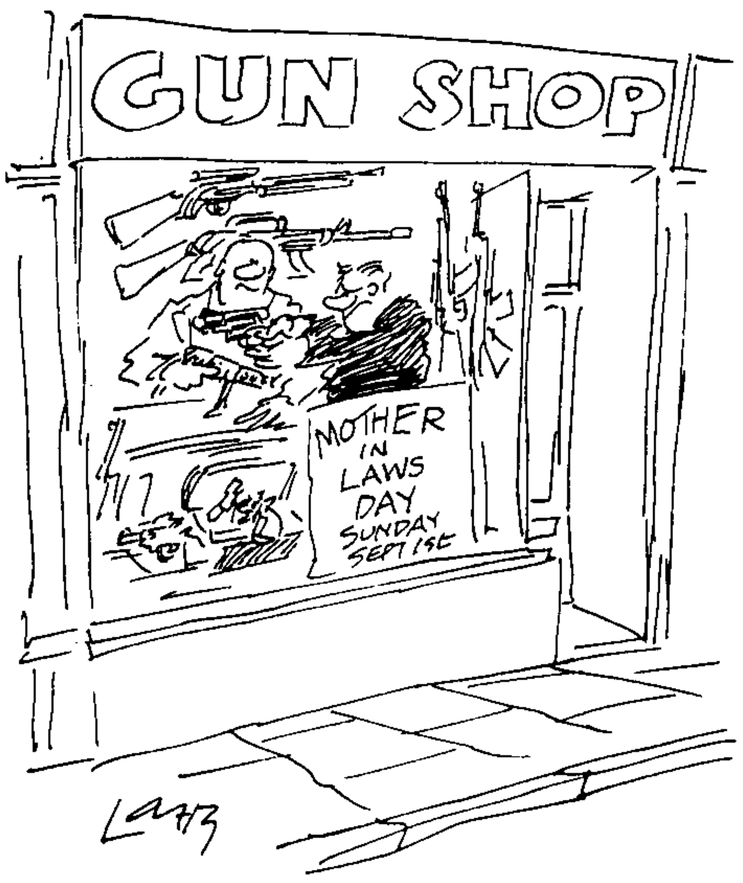
It has since become clear, however, that the deals Smalley put together had the highest political sanction in the US and that he was part of arms-for-hostages deals — even pre-dating Irangate.

No wonder, therefore, that Washington tried to shut down the investigation into his activities in the US and that he has never been prosecuted for multiple offenses in that country.

If Smalley ever felt inclined to talk, George Bush would have a very hard time of it indeed.

Meanwhile, the US is attempting to extradite former South African arms dealer Dirk Stoffberg from Germany, where he is presently languishing in Konstanz prison.

He says he has hotel receipts and other documents proving that he met William Casey in London before the 1980 US election — and that the Yanks want him so that they can shut him up, too, over what he knows about October Surprise.



Letters

Private Eye

Double Czech

Sir,

I have read Mr Julian Manyon's letter published in Private Eye with great surprise. I have not misled the BCC when it adjudicated on Julian Manyon's programme "The Last Round-Up" (transmitted 25 June 1981). I cannot comment upon Manyon's claim that he is in possession "of a number of documents which strongly suggest" that I did so because I was not acquainted with the content of these documents. I believe that the BCC will be able to establish the true facts of the case.

However, I have to strongly reject Mr Manyon's claim that I was "a registered collaborator" of the Czech secret service (StB) in 1969-79 and that I had "contacts with StB in 1980s". I have not been registered as a collaborator in 1969-70 or at any other time. Parliamentary commission was given a Secret Service file from which it transpires that in 1969-70 I was in contact with a Czech diplomat in London who was also a Secret Service agent. This raises the question whether I was aware that he was an agent or whether — as I maintain — I perceived him only as a diplomat. I claim that there is evidence even in the above-mentioned file that the diplomat never disclosed his other identity to me. I asked a court to examine the file and ascertain whether the parliamentary commission had the right to interpret its contents as "a form of registration as a collaborator" or whether the file, as I maintain, makes clear that I have never been a collaborator. The court has not yet been given my file and I have not yet been given an opportunity to testify.

I have not been accused of being in contact, knowingly or unwittingly, with the StB since I last saw the London-based Czech diplomat in July 1970. I challenge Mr Manyon to either produce his evidence of such contacts or to apologise to me. There is evidence that the Secret Service regarded me as a person hostile to the Communist regime and that they sent agents to London to spy on me there. However, I do not suppose that Mr Manyon has this kind of evidence in mind.

Yours faithfully,
JAN KAVAN,

Member of Parliament of Czechoslovakia, Prague.

O.B.N.

I used to think that it had been no more than rather tiresome literary convention which made Spenser and Raleigh and others seem to worship the figure of Queen Elizabeth.

With the arrival of Lady Diana, a kinswoman of Edmund Spenser, on the public stage one sees how a really electrifying woman can indeed inspire feelings of passionate love from her subjects.

A.N. WILSON
Sunday Telegraph

At the risk of earning myself the OBN (an award readers of *Private Eye* will be familiar with) I'm bound to say that among the souvenirs I have kept, and in a fairly prominent place, are the Crown Derby animal figures occasionally offered for sale on certain British Airways flights. Each reminds me of the pleasures, or otherwise, of the journeys involved.

MICHAEL ASPEL
High Life (British Airways magazine)

Submitted by Lindsay Elburn, Anon.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Roll playing

Sir,

Grovel claims that the character Martha Potter in "Crystal Rooms", currently being serialised in Esquire, performs an auto-erotic act with a loo-roll in the October issue. Not so. Potter and the others engaged in this fiction, which seems to mesmerize the Eye, are conducted through a chapter entitled "Sex in the Afternoon". But no loo-roll. A faulty leak.

Yours faithfully,
MELVYN BRAGG,

London NW3.

Laughter line

Sir,

Your article "Libel News" (Eye 774) caused me a great deal of distress.

Is Tom O'Connor really a comedian? And if so how long has he been one?

Is this your organ's attempt at toadyism?

If this is the case, I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
STUART COCKROFT,

Gosport, Hants.

Riddle

Sir,

The story headed "Past the Selby Date" (Private Eye 16/8/91) follows in the best tradition of Eye stories of which they know little about — riddled with inaccuracies based on old information.

No one in British Coal has ever denied that the geology of the Selby Coalfield is not as fault-free as the first geological surveys showed. In reality, only by sinking shafts and driving roadways into the coal seams can you get a truly accurate picture, as any mining engineer will testify. Right up to working the first coalface in 1983 at the five mine complex, indications were that the reserves were good quality and in abundance. However, eight years on, the geology has proved to be the most difficult encountered by mining engineers in this country. Despite that, records for output and productivity have been set and the coalfield has made a profit of £25 million so far this financial year (1991/92) and output is half a million tonnes up on budget. This is due entirely to the strenuous efforts of management and men to make a success of difficult conditions. Because of the faulting and the dirt that creates, coal has had to be brought up from other collieries to "sweeten" Selby's coal before it goes to local power stations. Coal washing facilities at the coal handling point — Gascoigne Wood — now mean that this is no longer necessary. In any case, the power stations have always had the fuel at the ash content they specify and thousands of tonnes of coal have not been "rejected". To my knowledge only one train of 1100 tonnes has been turned back in eight years of operation — not a bad track record! Selby will be a success and a triumph of British coal mining expertise over adversity. It will not be doomed to die 75 years earlier than expected because no one ever put that length of life on the coalfield.

Yours faithfully,
A. HOUGHTON,

Group Director, British Coal Corporation, Selby Group, West Yorkshire.

The job lot

Sir,

I would just like to point out that, contrary to Street of Shame (Eye 773), I have not applied for a job at the Sunday Express.

Yours faithfully,
HOWARD SOUNES,

Sunday Mirror, London EC1.

Witch hunt

Sir,

Tim Tate has summed up in a nutshell the horrors of ritual abuse charges: "There have been six successfully prosecuted cases in Britain since 1983." There have also been hundreds of thousands of successfully prosecuted cases over the centuries of attending witches' sabbaths, flying broomsticks, attempting murder by piercing dolls with nails, devouring children and consorting with the Devil in the form of a black cat. The defendant has usually been burned or drowned, and often the accuser has acquired the defendant's assets. Normally it is not the accused but the Inquisitors who have believed in witchcraft, with devastating results for the presumed witches.

It is not beyond belief that broomsticks can be flown. Nor is it impossible that ritual abuse has ever taken place. But it is unlikely. Unlike the sexual abuse of children with which it is currently associated in the press, ritual is not a private act readily buried by intimidation: by definition it is public and collective. There should be physical evidence, witnesses. Is the ownership of a black cat enough?

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT GIBBS,

Department of History of Art, University of Glasgow.

Sic transit Shelagh Monday

Sir,

You are quite right to suggest that Shelagh Carmichael should never have been placed on the approved candidates list of the Conservative Party, (like many others).

However, you are quite wrong to imply that the Monday Club is anti-Jewish. Can I please put paid to this rubbish. We have Jewish solicitors and several Jewish members. Also, two members of our Executive Council have Jewish blood through their grandparents. At no time has the Club ever made anti-Jewish statements either verbal or in writing.

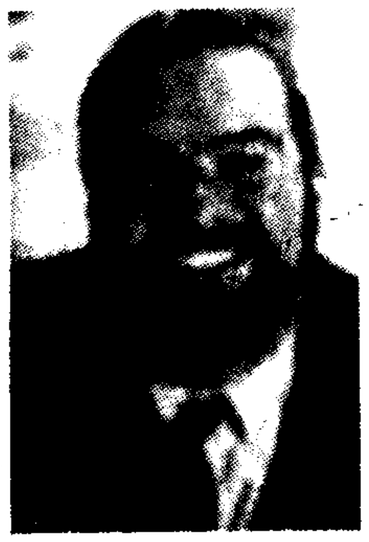
It is a sad reflection on the British "intelligentsia" that any pressure group on the left is more or less acceptable, but on the right is not. Yet the broad left are responsible for the deaths of many more millions than the right, and the destruction of civilized values throughout the world.

Yours faithfully,
GREGORY LAUDER-FROST,

Chairman, Foreign Affairs Committee, The Monday Club, London WC1.

Lookalike

Garry Bushell



Luciano Pavarotti

Sir,

Are these two related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT STEIN,

Glasgow.

Keyboards

Sir,

In your "Pop Eye" article you allude to sales assistants in record shops keying the wrong numbers into Gallup chart computers. In the majority of cases this is not so since the machines are fitted with bar code readers. This means the computer registers the correct record number, or it registers nothing at all.

However, the sales reps of many of the major distributors offer you free product, unmarked (most free product is marked "promotional copy, not for re-sale" under normal circumstances), on the condition that you register it on the Gallup machine there and then. Most often it is all on different formats, 7in, 12in, cassette single, CD single, various remixes, which all have different numbers but register as the same piece of music. This avoids suspicious-looking bunching of the same number at one time.

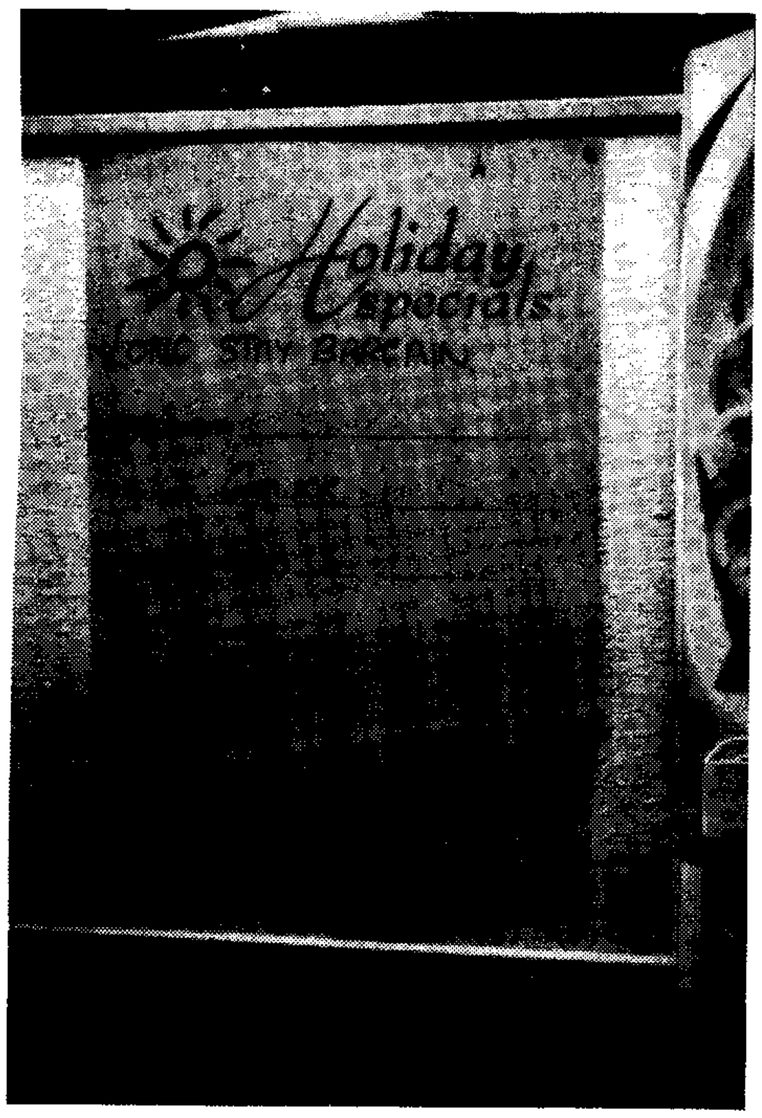
While working in a shop with a chart machine, I could not throw a Bob Dylan album without hitting three record company reps, but on being moved to a different shop without a Gallup computer, I never saw one again.

Yours faithfully,
ROY HUNTER,

Glasgow.

"These Bank Holiday Mods and Rockers reunions are not what they were"

I-SPY



Submitted by Mark Broad. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

The Oldies

Sir,

As your organ grows ever more venerable, isn't it about time you started a "Where Are They Now" feature on the many great personalities who once graced your columns but who now inexplicably have fallen into undeserved obscurity. One thinks, for instance, of Mr Ron "Badger" Hall, Mr Eddie Shah and, of course, the maestro himself, Sir Larry Adler.

Yours, caught in a time-warp,
TOM SCOTT,

Liverpool.

Flock newspaper

Sir,

You may imagine my surprise when, on a recent visit to my local "Indian" in the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur, I was confronted by a pile of unsold "Europeans". On reaching my table I then found the attached leaflet offering not only a reduced subscription but also 4 bottles of beer free if I signed up there and then.

Is this a record? And should Malaysia's refuse collection department be warned?

Yours faithfully,
CONCERNED OF K.L.

Face, Hope and...

Sir,

The last paragraphs of your Literary Review (Eye 774) on Timothy Good's space alien book made fascinating reading.

I quote: "Like all believers in the paranormal, Good has faith. And he's not alone... But as the expression of an internal need, rather than the product of external events, such faith is quite invulnerable to contradiction, let alone discouragement by any paucity of evidence. The need to believe doesn't go away when reasons for belief are lacking. If anything, it is exacerbated... We all love spooky stories. But that's not what it's all about. Good... is looking to UFOs for salvation... This is to feed a deep human hunger with garbage. And that ain't funny, it's a sin."

I know nothing of UFOs or aliens, and I care even less, but one thing I do know: if Bookworm had been talking about Christianity, then s/he would have been spot on.

Yours atheistically,
A.V. HOPE,

Rhondda, Mid Glamorgan.

Nauseating

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the extraordinary similarity between Ad Nauseam and an easy way for film buffs to get money for old rope? I certainly have.

Yours faithfully,
JEREMY LOWE,

Watford.

PS Does this get me a tenner? (No. Ed.)

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"So I don't think there'll be much Wimbledon going on today — certainly not here up North where it's bucketing down."

CHRIS BELL, Magic 828 Radio
(Malcolm Collins)

"Even when he has to move back, he moves back so that he's moving forwards!"

MARK COX, BBC
(Marilyn Pratt)

"...it's like a door slamming, and indeed it is a door because when that door slams it's curtains."

COMMENTATOR, BBC 1
(Anon)

"And there's Ken Rosewall sitting in the crowd... what a champion he was... four times runner-up here at Wimbledon."

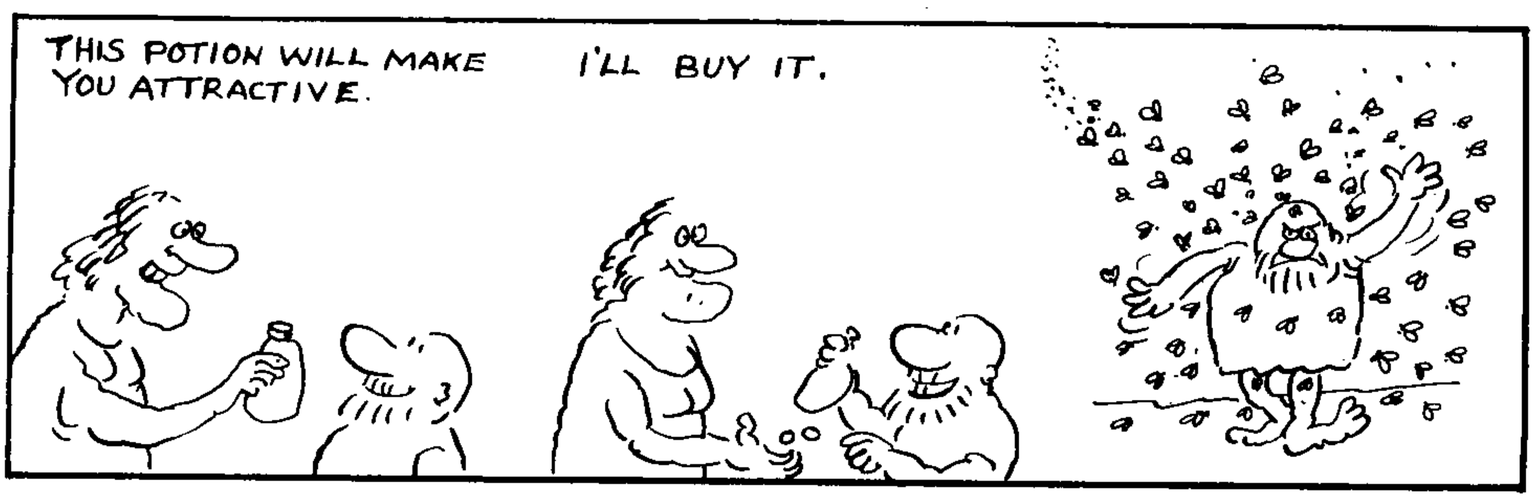
BILL THRELFALL, BBC 1
(M.L. Zeffertt)

"Malcolm Marshall scored a handful of runs at Headingley... nought and one."

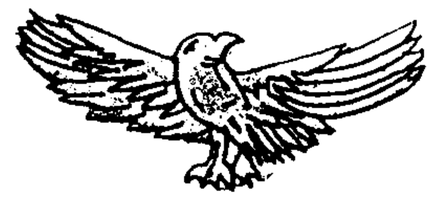
JACK BANNISTER, BBC 1
(Philip Craigie)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Zambia



from Our Own Correspondent

IN A country with interest rates of 43 per cent, inflation more than double that figure, and an infrastructure long past the point of collapse, what would we do without the leadership of our President since 1964, His Excellency Comrade Kenneth Kaunda?

In July KK spent 50 million *kwacha* on what we've needed for so long — two enormous municipal fountains. They are sited at either end of Cairo Road, Lusaka (aka Pothole Alley), and can be watched all day by the unemployed, also provided in great quantities by our munificent leader.

Some churlish folk suggested that perhaps 50 million *kwacha* might have been better spent on other things, such as hospital beds to put in those hospitals with a shortage of beds, or even better, in those hospitals without any beds at all.

The new fountains are not the only exciting development here. The movement in Africa away from one-party rule and towards political plurality is felt nowhere more strongly. It is a trend warmly welcomed by our far-sighted president.

Those who were surprised by KK's conversion to democracy reckoned without his wisdom, his belief in fairness, and the fact that the IMF told him that if he didn't go along, they'd finally pull the plug on him.

But when he decided to jump on the multi-party bandwagon, the president also decided that he would be the wagon-driver. He announced elections for October, then produced a Third Republican Constitution, and began brow-beating the rash of new minority parties into accepting it.

This plan hit a snag when one of these new parties, known as the Movement for Multi-Party Democracy (MMD), proved to have a quality which even KK, in his wisdom, found difficult to comprehend. It was massively popular with potential voters. With great foresight, however, KK had framed new electoral rules to get round such an inconvenience. You can only vote in October if you are a registered voter, and you can only be a registered voter if you voted in the last "election". On that occasion only candidates for the ruling UNIP party stood, so the only people who voted were UNIP supporters. Neat, eh?

But something — possibly rampant government corruption — has led to a rash of defections from UNIP. These include many traditional "chiefs" and a good handful of KK's former associates. Suddenly we have a real election on our hands.

The president and his party have taken up the challenge with vigour. First they welcomed the dawn of real democracy. Then they threatened private businesses that any support for MMD would mean a loss of government contracts.

UNIP's next step was to commission a Japanese PR firm to compose a campaign song and make a TV commercial. The result was highly professional and persuasive. The snag was that the Japanese jingle-writers seemed to have got their geography muddled, as the style of music owed more to the Caribbean than to East Africa.

Policy-wise, UNIP concentrates on President Kaunda's achievements in the fields of love, peace and progress. Curiously it does not refer to the large investment made by the government in the person of the young American who convinced KK that he had a machine which would turn grass into petrol. The young American hasn't been seen since. All those who have faith in the president's judgement, however, are saving their lawn clippings.

MMD leader Frederick Chiluba is a soft-spoken and unflamboyant politician, but crowds of 400,000 turn up to hear him speak. His programme consists broadly of de-nationalisation, the encouragement of European re-immigration, and a disinclination to spend any more *kwacha* on municipal water-sculpture.

If the promised elections take place in October — no date has yet been announced — they are not expected to pass off peacefully. The fear is that UNIP will "win" the election. Then even the most sanguine predict nothing less than civil war. Should the MMD win, they will be left with the problem of what to do with KK. Various solutions are proposed. An honourable retirement is one. A retirement on the end of a rope is another. But most of us would be content to see him thrown into one of his fountains.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

TRUE STORIES

Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

"MRS BOXALL has asked me to speak for her," said Miss Ramsey Fawcett, "and to say that when Mr George Parkey first approached her, it was as a door-to-door musical tape salesman.

"After some time, Mr Parkey asked Mrs Boxall if she would like to work with handicapped children, and, on hearing that she would, gave her some forms to sign. Imagine her surprise when she read in the local paper that she was the local Liberal Democrat candidate, and that she had been given 107 votes in last week's election. This was particularly upsetting as Mrs Boxall is a life-long Labour voter."

MR John Kameme, the head of the Teachers Service Commission in the district of Thika, has made the following statement to the Central Education Authority: "The scandal in which 15 male teachers were found to be involved with the same number of female 13-to-16-year-old pupils, has been cleared up without the threatened beating of the teachers by the pupils' parents. All 15 teachers married their pupils in a common wedding performed by Bishop Homa of the First Risen Church."

AS spokesman for A Fair Deal For Mourners, Mrs Benita Le Bow said: "We are not satisfied with the fine imposed on the owners of the Long Island Pet Memorial Park. Among our members is a woman who buried her pet mouse 'Worries' in a gold matchbox with her; and a man who had his wife buried in the nearby Farmingdale cemetery so that he could visit her grave and their dog 'Muggie's' grave, on the same day.

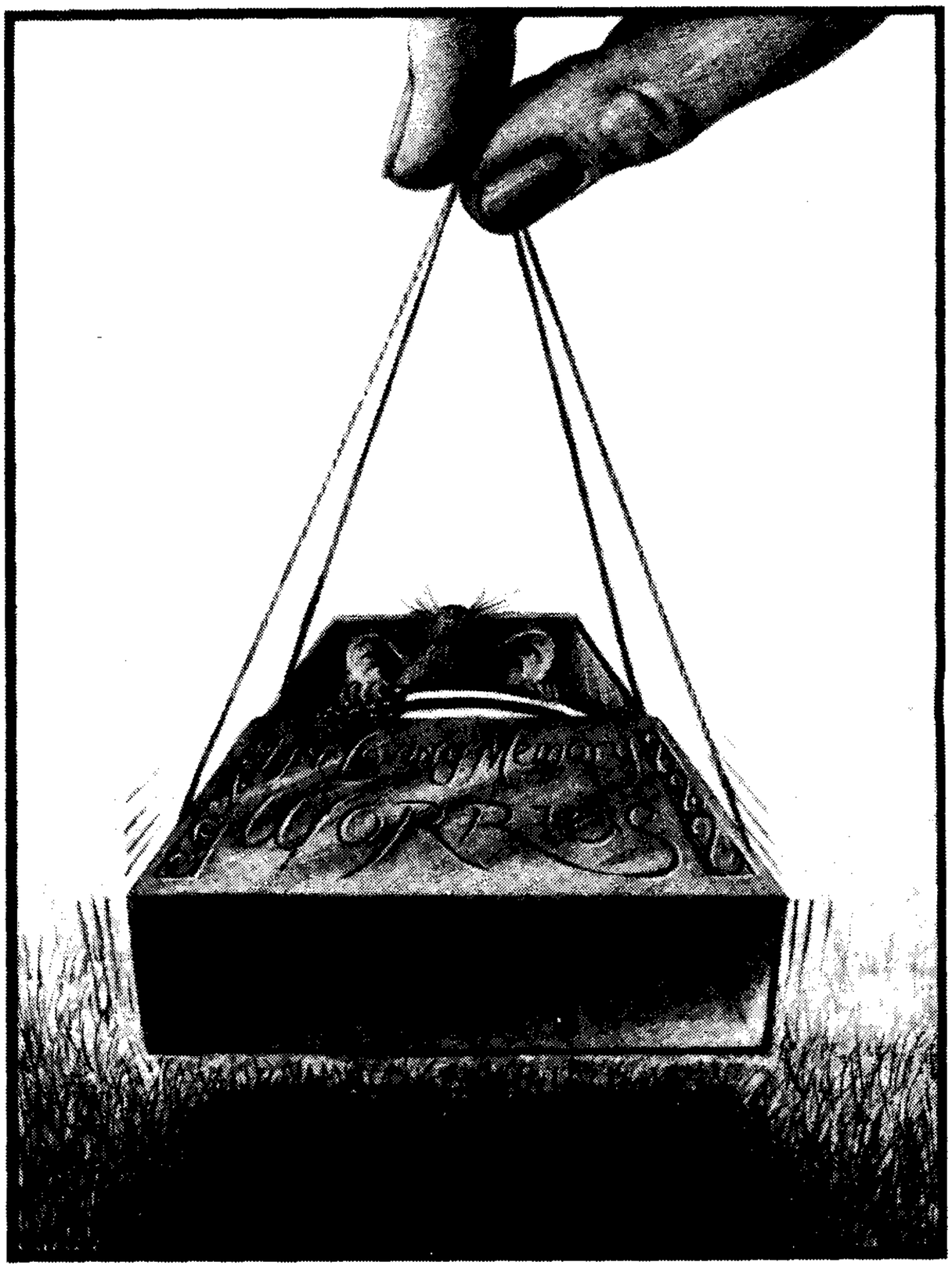
"Then it was discovered that the owners of the Memorial Park had been selling the dead pets to a dog-food firm, or cremating them and handing out ashes on a 'something for everyone' basis."

MR Morris Tokino, the astrologer, has been dismissed from the *Mombasa News* because the management believes his Your Stars column has caused a fall in the paper's circulation and advertising income.

Mr Birna Dottir of the paper's Promotion Office said: "Here are a few typical Dr Tokino horoscopes: 'GEMINI: You collect other people's faults like the Central Bank collects bad debts. LEO: You are heading for corruption due to lack of moral scruples and sexual degeneracy. PISCES: You are a swaggering braggart, a walking domestic problem, and very, very stupid.' When we asked him to look on the bright side, he offered such things as: 'VIRGO: Feel free. Perversions are your idea of fun. Have a good evening.' "

MR Kenneth Dickerson, the director of planning services for Breckland District Council, has decided to list the planning applications on the Committee's agenda in order of importance rather than alphabetically.

"This is a rather tiring committee," he said, "and we feel that the most contentious issues should be discussed while members are still awake — or are, at least, still fresh."

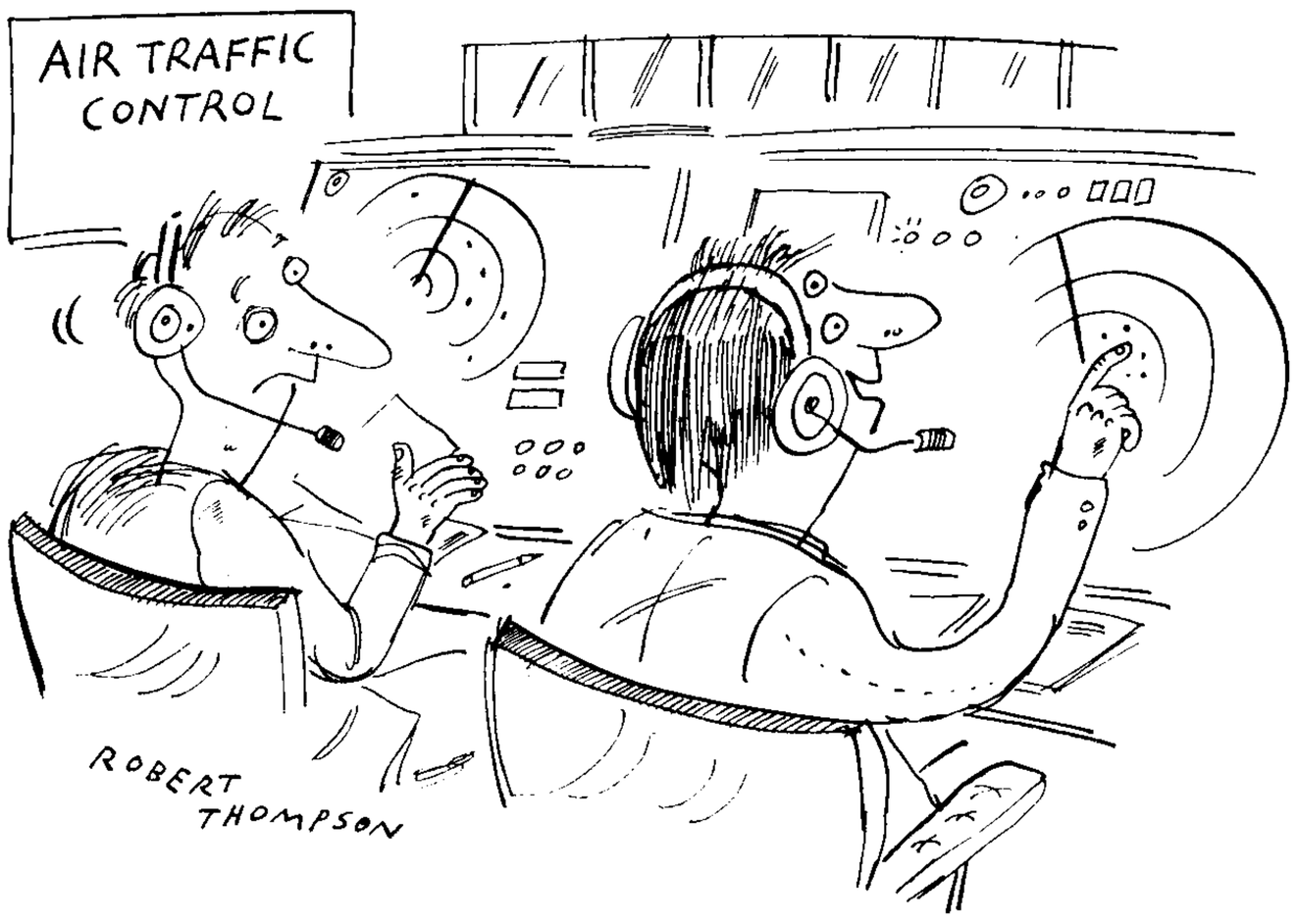


"NORMALLY," said Mr Larry Merculieff, a resident of the Aleutian Islands, "we never get any mail out here except government orders and a few Christmas cards, but after the anti-seal-hunting television film we received over 400 sacks of hate mail. We shared it out among us and, as the population is only about 3,000, everyone got a letter."

Asked what she thought of this, Patricia Feral, president of Friends of Animals, said: "I do not give a hoot. The Aleuts have no culture. All they do is drink, smoke and shoot puffins."

INFORMATION: South Evening Echo 4.7.91; Kenya Standard 6.6.91; New York Times 2.7.91; Harare News 7.6.91; East Anglian Daily Times 10.7.91; European 14.6.91.

MONITORS: Richard Pott, Peter Gibaut, Graham Kay, Donald M. McNicoll, J.D. McVite.



"Done it! All the little dots are in the centre circle"

WAYSIDE PULPIT

The Rev J.C. Flannel writes:

You know, when I heard the wonderful news this morning about Mr Gorbachev being released in Beirut, I couldn't help thinking of Our Lord's own time of trial. Like Mr Gorbachev, he too was betrayed by those closest to him. And yet, on the third day, as some Christians still believe, he rose again. In a very real sense, I think we can all *(contd Hymn 94)*

Joint Apology

Mr Boris Yeltsin and Mr Mikhail Gorbachev

We, in common with all other newspapers in the West during the last five years, may have given the impression that we believed Mr Mikhail Gorbachev to be the saviour of his people, a man of superhuman abilities and the only person capable of leading the Soviet Union into the twentieth century; whilst Mr Boris Yeltsin was described as "a drunken rabble rouser", "a loony demagogue" and "a Fascist".

We now realise that throughout our coverage, due to a printing error, the names of these two men were invariably transposed.

We, of course, meant to say that Mr Boris Yeltsin was a towering statesman, a man of courage and destiny and the only figure capable of leading his country from the shackles of the past to the light of democracy.

At the same time, Mr Gorbachev should have been described as "a bungling bureaucrat, hopelessly incapable of delivering his promises and an out-of-step reactionary fascist to boot".

We apologise to both gentlemen for any distress that this regrettable technical error may have caused.

A service for readers

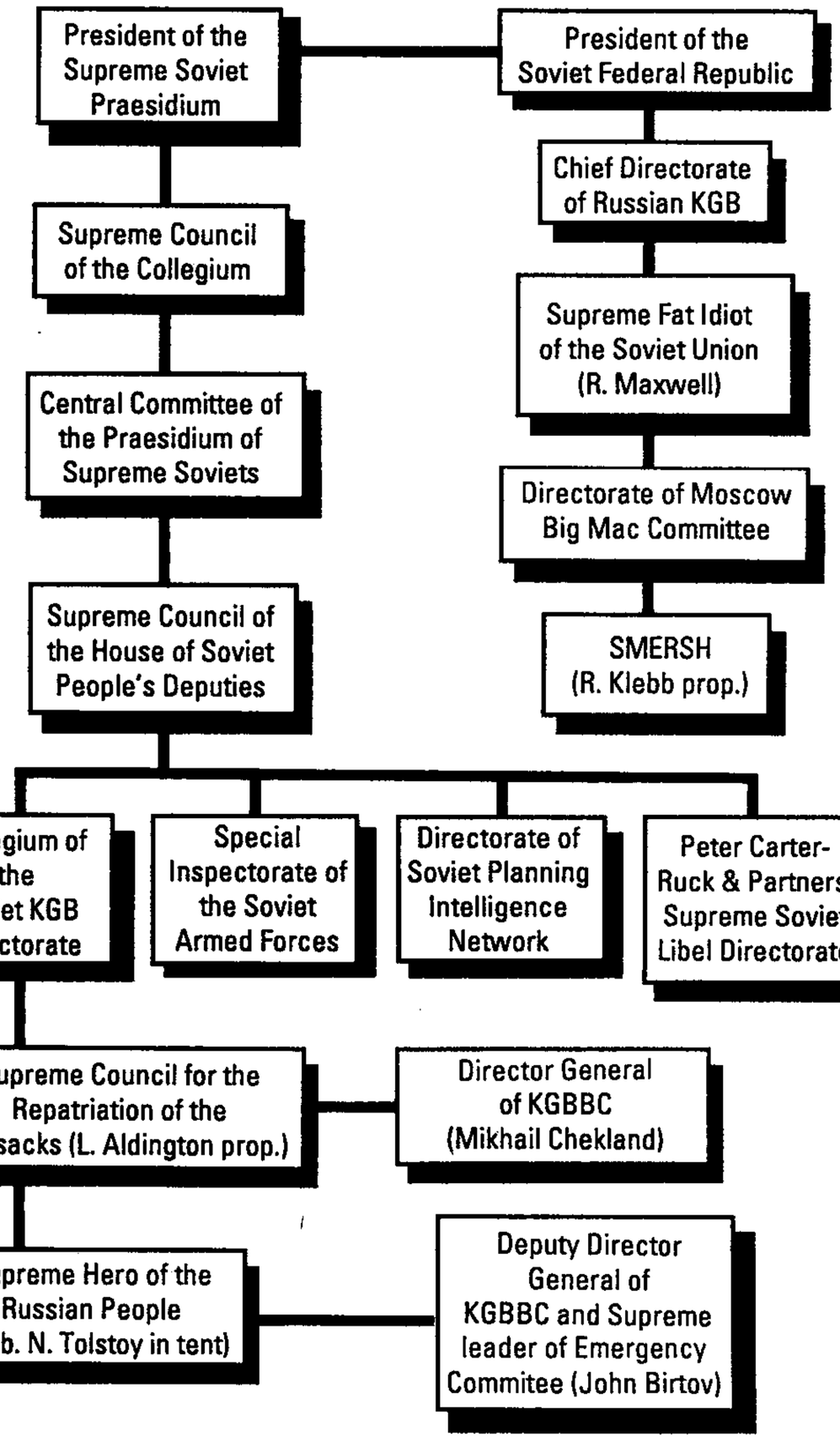
The *Eye* Pronunciation Department

Mikhail Gorbachev: **say Bō\|ris Yel\|tsĭn**
Boris Yeltsin: **say Bā\|r ĭs Ŏpén**
Azerbïjhan: **say Häa\|gen Dazs**

(That's enough. Ed.)

That Soviet Union power structure — how it works

An *Eye* Exclusive


President of the Supreme Soviet Praesidium
President of the Soviet Federal Republic
Chief Directorate of Russian KGB
Supreme Council of the Collegium
Supreme Fat Idiot of the Soviet Union (R. Maxwell)
Central Committee of the Praesidium of Supreme Soviets
Directorate of Moscow Big Mac Committee
Supreme Council of the House of Soviet People's Deputies
SMERSH (R. Klebb prop.)
Collegium of the Soviet KGB Directorate
Special Inspectorate of the Soviet Armed Forces
Directorate of Soviet Planning Intelligence Network
Peter Carter-Ruck & Partners, Supreme Soviet Libel Directorate
Supreme Council for the Repatriation of the Cossacks (L. Aldington prop.)
Director General of KGBBC (Mikhail Chekland)
Supreme Hero of the Russian People (prob. N. Tolstoy in tent)
Deputy Director General of KGBBC and Supreme leader of Emergency Commitee (John Birtov)

(That's enough structure. Ed.)

Bernard Levin writes:

"No More Shall Evil Night Sully the Bright Clouds of Pheobus Dawn"

The events of the past few days bring the words of the poet Longfellow inevitably to mind, Longfellow being, I should say, the poet who more than anyone summed up the mood in Leningrad on Friday when, dear reader, even I, who know more about Communism than anyone in the world, was surprised by the speed of events *(Get on to the poem. Ed.)*:

"In his wigwam Hiawatha waited
Like a bear upon the prairie.
In the grasslands by the water
Mini-Ha-Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha"

(Will this do? B.L.)

Why the coup failed

by **Deirdre Spart**, Co-Chair Tufnell Park Central Committee For The Outing Of Soviet Lesbians Now

You only have to look at the pictures of the coup leaders to know why last week's so-called Russian revolution totally failed. As a close study reveals, they are all men. There was not a single woman in President What's-his-name's new team and er they could not possibly succeed without the firm hand of a woman like Mrs Thatcher *(contd p. 94)*

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

It has been, in my judgement, a most historic week. Certainly more historic than last week when I was on holiday in Spain! It all began when I was listening to the news this morning and I heard that Mr Gorbachev had been suddenly taken ill and could no longer carry out his duties as President of Russia. At this point my wife Norman said: "How are you feeling, John?" I ignored her, realising at once that this was no time for me to appear in *Hello!*

again. History was being made, oh yes, and I was not going to be ruled out of it by any manner of means. I acted decisively and rang Mr Bush to ask what I should do. He was rather offhand and said he had a marlin on the line, which I presumed was a reference to his well-known spokesman Mr Fitzwalter. "Have you heard the news?" I said. "Apparently Mr Gorbachev is very ill and has had to go to prison." Mr Bush said: "Don't do or say anything, John. This calls for a measured response and not from you." I was considerably pleased that he had taken me into his confidence.

Tuesday

You can imagine that I was in no small measure irritated when I turned on the radio and television this morning to hear several interviews with guess-who holding forth in her usual strident fashion about the necessity for us all to support Mr Gorbachev in his hour of need. It is clear that she is not sufficiently important for Mr Bush to brief on this very delicate issue. What a fool she is making of herself, trying to pose as a senior world statesman on all channels at once! I was just explaining all this to Mr Hurd when the special hot-line telephone on my desk rang. There was a Russian man at the other end called Mr Yeltsin saying that he wanted to speak to Mrs Thatcher urgently. "You have got the wrong number," I said and put the phone down in no uncertain manner. Mr Hurd went white and said that I should ring him back at once, since he was the President of Russia. "Oh no he isn't," I said. "The President of Russia is Mr Yanayev. He has taken over while Mr Gorbachev is unwell." For the Foreign Secretary, Douglas is really rather behind on this one! I rang Mr Yeltsin back and explained who I was. He said that he couldn't talk to me as just at that moment some tanks were coming up the street to shoot at him. I promised that I would look into it as a matter of urgency. Then Mr Hurd suggested that it was perhaps time for me to go out into Downing Street and read out the following statement in my extra firm voice: "I want to make it very clear," I read, "that it is entirely unconstitutional to overthrow an elected leader in mid-term by means of an internal party coup." For some reason there was a certain amount of giggling at this from the journalists who do not appear to be taking this crisis with an appropriate degree of seriousness.

Wednesday

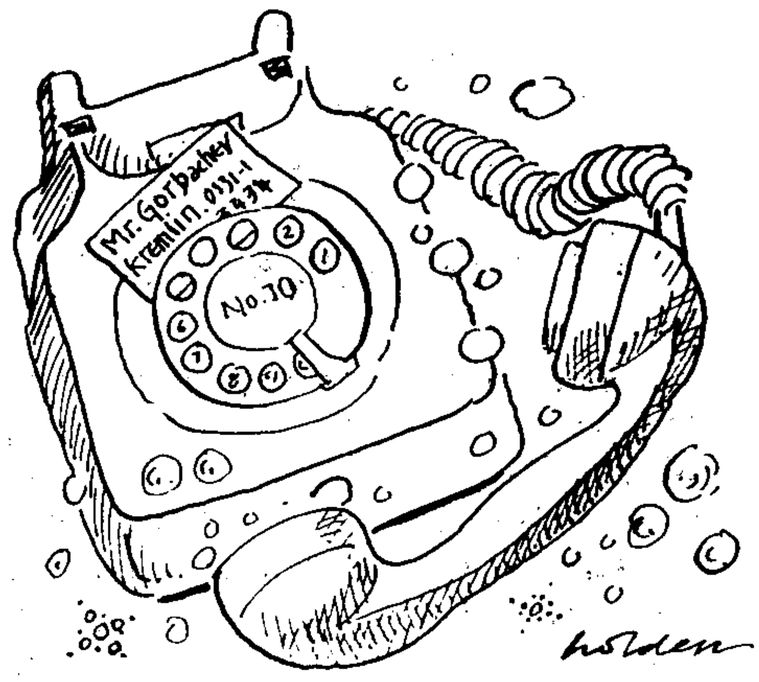
My intervention seems to have done the trick! It seems that Mr Gorbachev is much better and is able to come back to being President again. Everyone in Moscow seems to be very pleased, or so I gathered from an interview I saw being given on television by Mrs Thatcher. She is totally shameless. As soon as anything happens in the world, she rushes out into the street looking for a television camera. I decided to go out into the street to say how happy I was at the news.

Fortunately I thought of a famous quotation which seemed to sum up the mood of the moment perfectly.

"Rejoice, rejoice," I told all the journalists.

Thursday

Today must be ruled as even more historic than yesterday! I was at last able to speak to Mr Gorbachev in person. He was back on his old Kremlin number. When I got through he asked me to thank Mrs Thatcher for her wonderful support, which had made all the difference. I was just about to say something to him about this, when he went on: "And another thing. That money we talked about last month, the £5,000



billion, can you hurry up with it." I began to explain to him how important it was for him to get his economy sorted out first. "Without prudent financial management," I told him, "you could end up in a very serious recession with millions of unemployed..." As I continued with this sensible advice I was most irritated to find that I had been put on "Hold" and had to listen to the theme tune from *Dr Zhivago*. These coup people, when you think about it, may well have had a point.

Friday

Another historic day. Sri Lanka batted very poorly in my judgement and Phillip de Freitas took a considerable number of wickets. Oh yes.

At our meeting today, before the cricket, I briefed the Cabinet about what I had seen on television the night before. "These are momentous events that we are passing through," I said, quoting the words of Mr Jeremy Paxman.

"All sorts of countries which did not use to be on my Daily Telegraph map are now declaring their full independence."

A number of my colleagues appeared to be jet-lagged from their holidays, as they said very little during the discussion. Norma Lamont, however, asked a topical question: "What's red and under the bed?"

No one seemed to know and he answered: "Cecil Parkinson's face." Everyone laughed, though I did not see what Mr Parkinson, a former Minister, had to do with the Russian crisis.

"Gentlemen," I said, returning to my point. "All this just goes to show that you cannot run lots of countries from the centre with a vast bureaucratic regime. We must recognise these new nations at once."

Mr Hurd then intervened, saying, rather sensibly in my estimation: "I think we should not take any action until we have consulted with our EEC colleagues."

Again everyone laughed. It must be relief at all the good news from the USSR.

CRISIS EXTRA

(continued on all channels)

TREVOR BARBADOS: ...and we've just got news of something happening now in Moscow, so we'll go over to Penny Marshall in the Honeymoon Suite of the Legova Hotel, who is only two miles from the Russian Parliament building, where we're expecting something to happen at any minute.

(Still photograph of gorgeous, pouting ITN hackette holding telephone)

PENNY: Stop it, Tim, give over, I'm on *News At Ten*. Yes, Trevor, what was it you wanted to know?

BARBADOS *(reading from autocue)*: What's the latest there, Penny?

PENNY: Well, a few minutes ago it was very quiet. But before that I definitely heard the sound of gunfire. At least I think it was gunfire, it may have been thunder.

BARBADOS: Could it have been gunfire?

PENNY: It's very quiet here at the moment, Trevor.

BARBADOS: Thank you, Penny, we'll be back to you the minute nothing happens. And now over to the BBC, to see if they know what's happening.

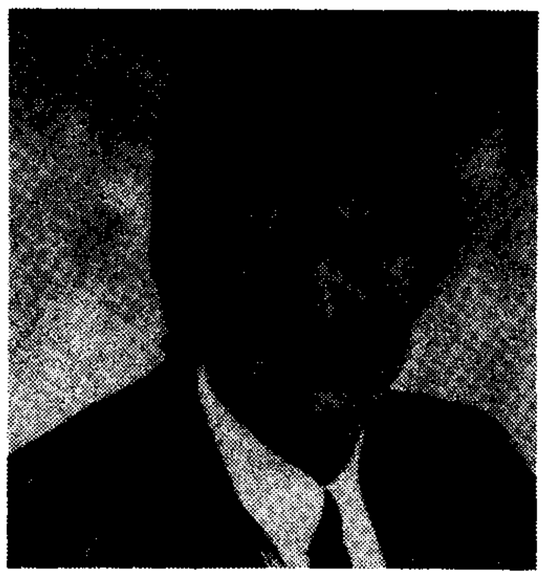
(Switches on television in front of him on his ridiculous desk)

JOHN SIMPSON *(for it is he, standing in BBC studio in Moscow in front of picture of tank)*: ... so it's almost impossible to say what's happening at all. There are rumours flying around in all directions — 3,000 tanks are about to attack Boris Yeltsin's Parliament building, the entire KGB has had a heart attack, and there is an unconfirmed report from the Legova Hotel that there has been some kind of an earth tremor in Room 1317 — but, quite honestly, none of us have the slightest idea what's going on, particularly me since I only arrived in Moscow twenty minutes ago. Back to the studio.

DAVID DIMBLEBY: Thank you, John, and since nothing seems to be happening, we've got some Russians into the studio... *(Camera pans to three hastily assembled Russians)* ... Mr Yuri Timefillev, who is *(reads from script)* a member of the Ukrainian House of Deputies, Mr Anatoly Wafflov, the London correspondent of *Moscow and Moscowmen*, the outspoken economic quarterly, and Mr Dmitri McGonagallov, the well-known Kazakh poet. But, before we talk to any of them, we've got an interview which Martin Sixminutes was lucky enough to be given in 1987 with the man who is Mr Gorbachev's successor as President of the Soviet Union, Mr Cantrememberhisnameov. This is a huge scoop because it gives a unique insight into the thinking of the man who may well be running the Soviet Union for many hours to come.

(Film of grey-faced man behind desk talking in Russian. Silly translator's voice over)

"... and that is why I am totally dedicated to the goals of glasnost and perestroika and 100 per cent loyal to Mikhail Sergeyvitch Gorbachev, the democratically elected Supreme President of Soviet Praesidium and General Secretary of Communist Party of Soviet..."



SIXPACK *(in Russian)*: Z-z-z-z-z... *(Translator: Zh-zh-zh-zh...)*

(Cut back to Barbados watching screen)

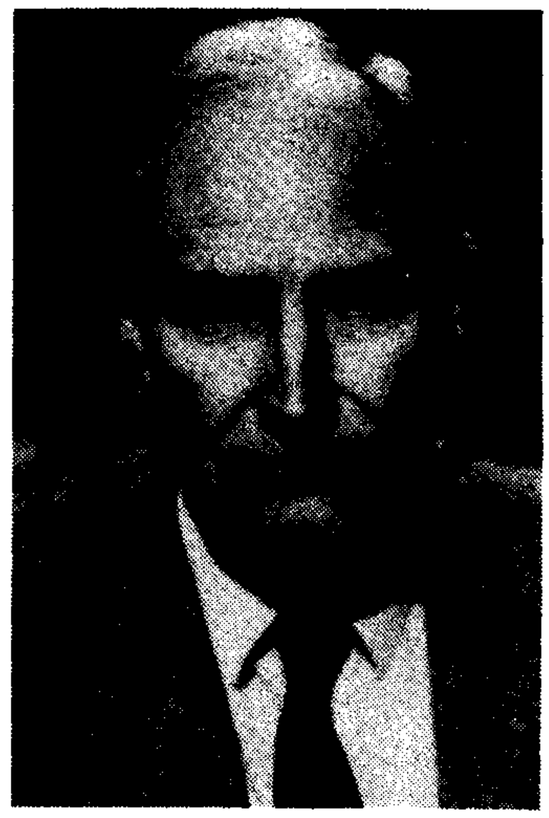
BARBADOS: Well there doesn't seem to be anything happening on BBC1. Let's go over live now to *Newsnight*...

(Switches channel)

PETER SNOW *(standing in front of sandpit with hastily built cardboard model of Russian Parliament building where Baghdad used to be)*: ... so the elite Republican Guard seemed to have moved up — that's the Soviet Republican Guard, not the Russian Republican Guard — and they really are crack troops, whose loyalty to the Kremlin is beyond question. Isn't that right, Rear-Admiral Sir Fitzroy-Bogus?

(Cut to woman in tweed suit, with caption reading BORIS YELTSIN)

WOMAN: No, Peter, as I explained to Sue MacGregor on the *Today* programme this morning, and again on *World At One*, the 103rd Republican Guard Paratroop Regiment defected yesterday to the Russian officers of the KGB.



SNOW: That's the Soviet officers of the Russian KGB, you mean?

WOMAN: No, I mean the Russian officers of the Soviet KGB loyal to General Demokratoff, who is Boris Yeltsin's Vice-President...

SNOW: I must cut you short there, because we've got Kate Adie on the line from Tallinn and she's absolutely furious because she's got landed somewhere where nothing seems to be happening.

(Still of Kate Adie in battle-fatigues standing next to tank in desert. Caption reads SUE MACGREGOR)

MacGREGOR: Well, I think the one question we all want an answer to this morning — I know I do — is what is going to be the response from the Central Asian republics like Uzbekistan? Are they going to declare their colours by coming out behind Boris Yeltsin, or are they going to bide their time by waiting to see which way the wind blows? I have with

me in the studio Brian Redhead, who is an expert in everything. Brian, before I ask you about the all-important Tadzhik question, could we have the sports news from Mark Dull?

DULL: Yes, Sue, the main news this morning is that Neasden's big new six-figure signing from Tbilisi Magneto, Yuri Kickoff, may not now be in the number five shirt in time for next Tuesday's Ryman's Charity Shield away-leg needle-match against Dollis Hill. This morning I managed to get through to Yuri in Leningrad.

(Cut to tape)

DULL: Yuri, what do you think are Neasden's chances of winning a match this season?

KICKOFF: We are all totally behind democratic forces of Mr Yeltsin and against criminal junta which has hijacked...

BRIAN BIGHEAD: I'm sorry, we've got to interrupt the sports news there for a very important time-check. It's now time for me to ask a very very long question to my guest, the distinguished Kremlin-watcher Dr Anatoly Izvestia of St Ignoramus's College, Oxford, so that I can show that I know a lot more about Russia than he does.

SUE MacGREGOR: That won't be hard.

IZVESTIA: Can I just explain at this point that we experts are almost certain now that there has been some sort of coup, probably triggered by dissatisfaction at Mr Gorbachev's handling of the Soviet economy and it now seems certain that Gorbachev is finished forever...

(Cut back to Peter Snow)

SNOW *(still by sandtable)*: And it really does seem now as though something very unpleasant is going to happen at last. There are guns going off, tanks rolling in, crowds building up, every kind of indication that hundreds of people are going to be killed at any moment. So let's just remind ourselves of the situation on the ground.

(Snow runs over to sandtable and begins to wave arms about and foam at mouth)

SNOW: Now, here in the middle we have the famous White House. It's not *the* White House, of course. Nor is it white. Nor is it a house. But it's where Boris Hussein has got his nerve-centre. He's probably even now, as the allied tanks close in, here, and here, and here, hiding in his bunker millions of miles below the ground, waiting for the final assault. *(Bangs on sandpit)* Boris, are you there? Can you hear me?

(Enter uninvited "expert" in shape of corpulent media magnate)

R. MAXWELL *(for it is he)*: Let me make one thing perfectly clear to you, Mr Snow. I've got very good contacts in the Kremlin indeed. All the top men are personal friends of mine, especially this new chap who's taken over, can't remember his name for the moment. I've been on the line to Moscow in the last few minutes, and I can tell you that Boris Yeltsin is almost certainly dead.

(Screen shows Yeltsin addressing 2 million people in front of White House, captioned LIVE FROM MOSCOW)

YELTSIN *(for it is he)*: Hullo Bob, hullo Trevor, hullo Peter, hullo Penny. This is your old friend Boris, alive and well, waiting for something to happen.

TREVOR BARBADOS: I must just interrupt you there, Boris, as I believe that something is happening at the Legova Hotel. Penny Marshall? Is something happening?

PENNY: Yes, yes, yes...

ANNOUNCER: We interrupt this programme to bring you some news. We're terribly sorry, but the coup's over.

A KGB Doctor writes

As a KGB doctor I am often telling people they are ill.

To the layman they appear perfectly healthy, and in full possession of all their faculties.

But to the expert eye, such as mine, it will be clear at once that they are suffering from *Perestroikitis normalis* or severe Glasnost and are therefore in need of a violent purge.

If you are feeling well, you should avoid your doctor at all cost.

© *A Doctor*

RUSSIAN CORNER POETRY

So. Farewell
Then,

Yanayev.

Bloodthirsty tyrant
And Stalinist
Revisionist running
Dog.

Brave Boris on
His tank cries
Defiance like
Russian heroes
Of old.

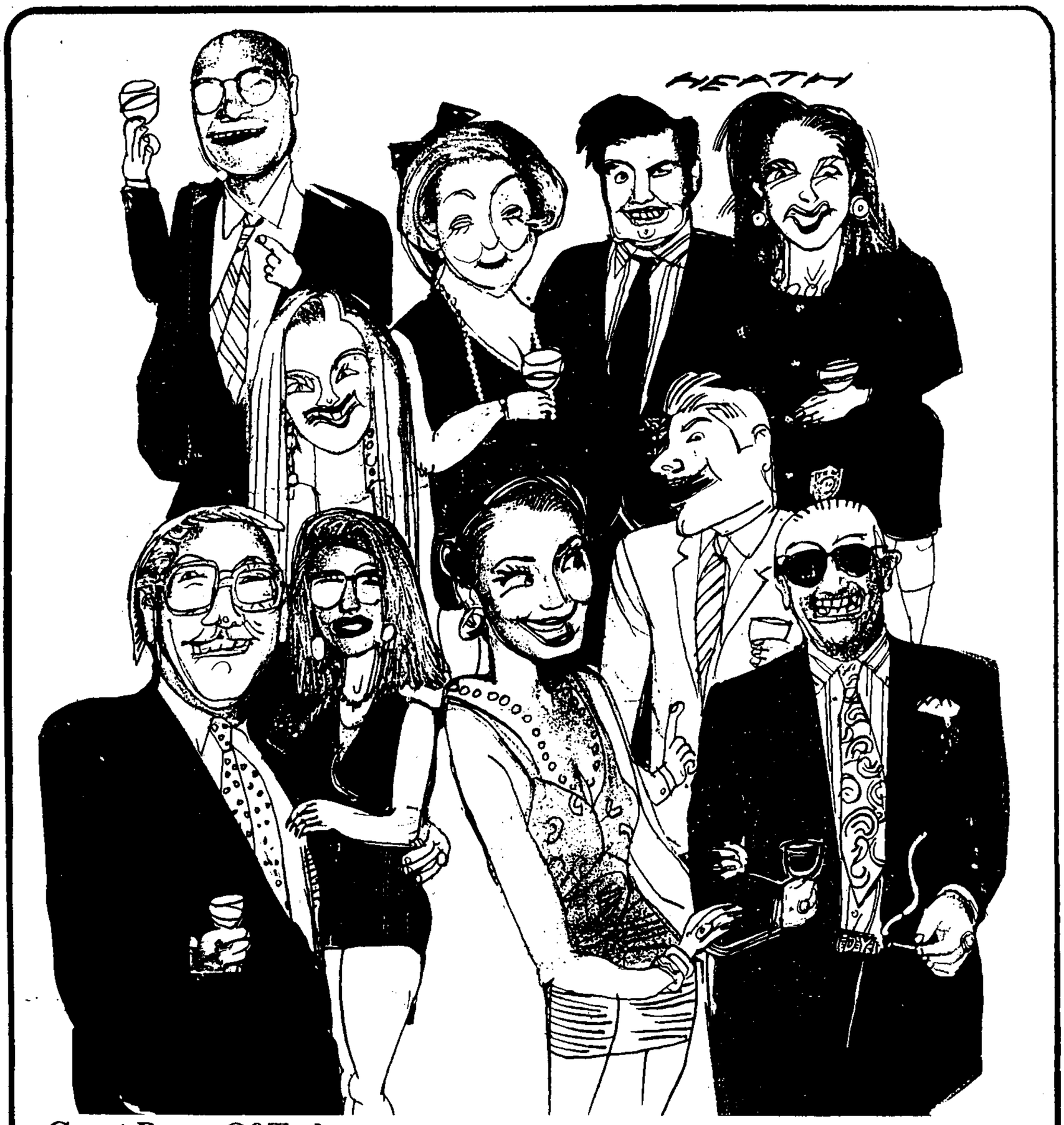
Victory to the
People.

Long live
Democracy.

Long live Glasnost
And Perestroika.

Long live Yeltsin
And Gorbachev.

Yevgeny Thribbolenko (17½)
Reprinted from Pravda Eye

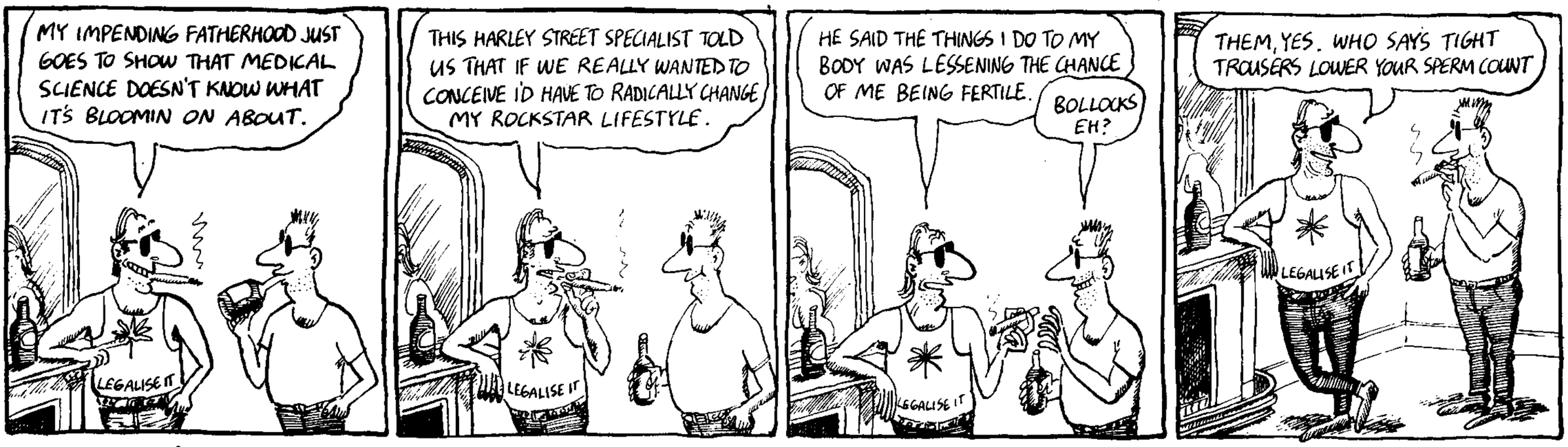


Great Bores Of Today

"... I usually get mine from a little shop in Marylebone High Street they make it from an original Italian recipe and their Vanilla and Morello Cherry is just unbelievable but there's so many more varieties coming onto the market and all these small companies producing really wonderful flavours there's that American one that you can get in Sainsbury's you know in the stripey tub they do a Pecan and French Fries I know it sounds disgusting but it's delicious there's one new brand that they spent six years perfecting it's amazing they only use pure and natural ingredients and they have tastings there was one in our local deli last week for what's that Welsh one that's made with goats' milk and gooseberries? out of this world when I was young you had no choice it was so boring but now my favourite of the moment is Kinky and Friedman's Kosher Kit-Kat which is like the frozen Mars bars and Bounties except better have you ever had Swiss Fudge and Greek Chartreuse? fabulous..."

Celeb

LIGGER


MY IMPENDING FATHERHOOD JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S BLOOMIN ON ABOUT.
LEGALISE IT
THIS HARLEY STREET SPECIALIST TOLD US THAT IF WE REALLY WANTED TO CONCEIVE I'D HAVE TO RADICALLY CHANGE MY ROCKSTAR LIFESTYLE.
LEGALISE IT
HE SAID THE THINGS I DO TO MY BODY WAS LESSENING THE CHANCE OF ME BEING FERTILE.
BOLLOCKS EH?
LEGALISE IT
THEM, YES. WHO SAYS TIGHT TROUSERS LOWER YOUR SPERM COUNT
LEGALISE IT

'I know just how Mr Gorbachev feels'

An exclusive interview with the Rt Hon Mrs Margaret Thatcher, ex-Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by her devoted admirer, TV's Charles Moore.

AS SOON as I heard the awful news about this ghastly coup in Russia, and the overthrow of Mr Gorbachev, I knew there was only one person in London I wanted to talk to.

Fortunately, just at that moment, the telephone rang and it was her.

"Prime Minister," I said. "How wonderful of you to call."

"Shut up Moore and get out your notebook," she intervened, in those imperious tones that once made the world seem so safe and reassuring.

"One knows just how poor Mr Gorbachev must be feeling at this moment," she dictated. "A towering world figure, a statesman with vision, stabbed treacherously in the back by pygmies, whom she herself had appointed."

"Surely you mean..." I began.

"Be quiet! I haven't finished," she continued. "One minute one is standing alone at the helm of the ship of state, carrying on one's shoulders all the awesome responsibility of pushing a tremendous revolution that is going to reshape the world — the free market, democracy, privatisation, poll tax. And then what happens? Suddenly, when one is out of the country, they come out from the woodwork — the faceless grey little men with their tidy bureaucratic minds — and everything one has striven for is overturned in a moment."

By this time, listening to the greatest leader in the western world, I was in tears.

"I can see it all," she went on. "I've been there myself. I too know what it is to hear the knock on the door in the middle of the night, and see the faceless men who owe their whole careers to me, standing there having the barefaced audacity to tell me that one was no longer fit to run the country, that one's great revolution had failed, that one would have to stand down.

"And you know, Mr Moore, what really hurts," she continued, "is that these were Mikhail's closest colleagues. Men like John Major, Norman Lamontov and all those others whose names I can't remember. How dare they ..."

At this moment she broke off, and I heard in the background the television news announcing that the coup was over.

"Did you hear that, Charles?" she screamed. "The nightmare is over. The plotters have admitted defeat. They've brought her back! I'm on my way to the Kremlin now. My people are out in the streets to welcome me..."

© *A Mooretrash / Daily Hellograph Production*

Boris The Magnificent Unveils Autumn Package

by Our Media Staff
Jane V. Thynne-Stuff

THE new hero of the BBC, Mr Boris Yentob today announced his shock plans for reforming the BBC schedules for the coming autumn.

Mr Yeltsob unveiled what he called "a whole range of dynamic new programmes across the board. It will be perestroika and glasnost all the way", he pledged from the balcony of the beleaguered Broadcasting White House. Among the highlights of the new "reform package" are:

● **A new 40-part series** *The History of Madness* **in which Dr Jonathan Miller looks back on his career, with "disturbing" clips from some of his controversial programmes.**

● **Dr Jonathan Mahler's** *Symphony For 1000 Lunatics* **(the first ever TV performance of this hitherto unknown masterpiece).**

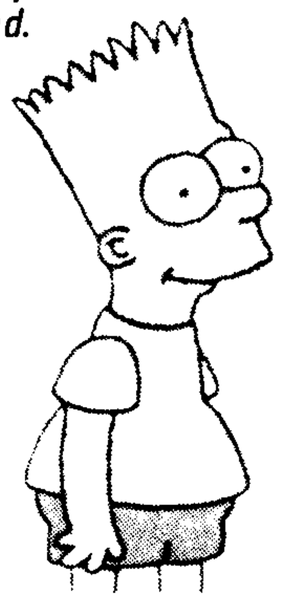
● *Dr Jonathan's Casebook*, **a repeat of the legendary Fifties black-and-white serial about an eccentric doctor who keeps being commissioned by the BBC to produce programmes about lunatics, thus thwarting his intense desire to live in Italy where his genius is properly appreciated.**

Boris Yeltsob said he was "absolutely delighted" by the initial reaction to his plans, which he hopes will usher in "a new era" of broadcasting. He claimed: "People will take to the streets in their millions to avoid watching these programmes."

Your Cut-Out-'n'-Keep Guide to the name that's taking Britain by storm

THOSE SIMPSONS IN FULL

John Simpson, BBC's popular Diplomatic Editor. The grey-haired sexpot who watched a cruise missile flying past his bedroom window in Baghdad. Author of book *Wow! Look What's Going Past My Bedroom Window in Baghdad.*



Bob Simpson, the BBC's popular Baghdad Correspondent. His authoritative reports on the *Today* programme kept the nation sane during the dark days of the Gulf War. Not to be confused with...

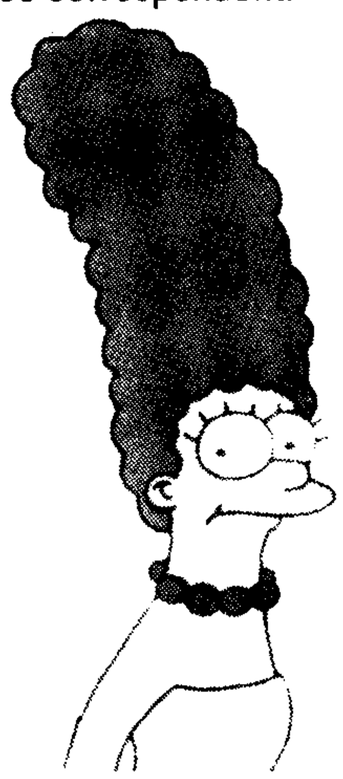
John Timpson, BBC's popular radio presenter. The grey-haired sexpot was formerly star of Radio Four's *Today* programme.

Bart Simpson, popular Sky comic character, famous for ridiculous catchphrases such as "Buy My T-shirt" and "Win A Sky Dish".

Simpson's of Piccadilly, elderly shop with knock-down cashmere sweaters (sale price: £799.99).

John Simpson, architect best known for design of Paternoster Square rejected by Prince Charles.

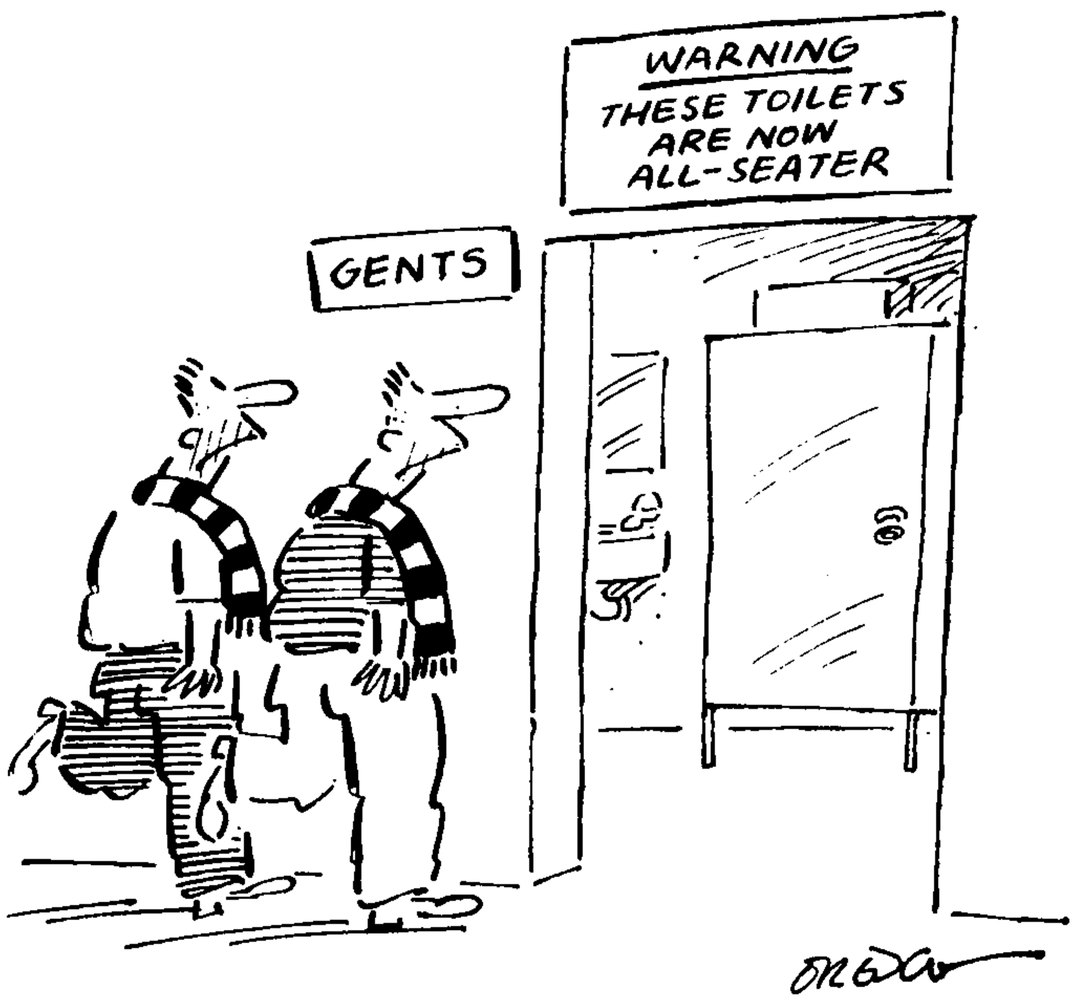
Mrs Simpson, American heiress and wife of Edward Fox, the *Daily Telegraph*'s award-winning defence correspondent.



Anthony Simpson, famous author of *Anatomy of Victoria Brittain*, a rude pop-up book featuring the famous left-wing sexpot.

Bill Simpson, greyhaired star of TV's long-running Scottish soap opera *Dr Simpson's Casebook*. Well known for his catchphrase "Mine's a large Scotch, Janet."

N.F. Simpson, famous right-wing playwright and *(That's enough Simpsons. Ed.)*



Moving ceremony as former German leader is reburied

by Our Man in Potsdam
Frederick Raphael (The Great)

THERE were amazing scenes here today as Chancellor Kohl led a solemn group of German dignitaries and high-ranking officers following the remains of one of Germany's most controversial leaders.

Said Kohl, addressing the large crowd of mourners: "I am here only as a friend of the family to celebrate the achievements of one of Germany's finest sons. He was not just a great warrior who took the German flag into every corner of Europe but he was also a lover of the arts, being an amateur watercolourist himself."

Then, as the crowd raised their arms above their heads, dressed in the traditional black shirts of mourning and the black boots to keep out the chill of the August sun, the Chancellor finally laid the remains of Adolf the Great next to his beloved collection of whips *(shurely 'whippets'? Ed.)*.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles and Diana have gone to Balmoral after their second honeymoon on board the luxury yacht, the Gail Ronson.

Now read on...

"SO HOW did it go, dear?" The Queen Mother was standing in the middle of the fast-flowing stream, her lower limbs encased in thigh-length moleskin Branagh and Thompson waders. As she spoke to Diana, who was sitting demurely on a balsa-wood and silver shooting stick designed by Viscount Linley, the sprightly nonagenarian cast an expert fly on the swirling waters of the River Goon and watched the shiny embonpoint caught by the eddies shimmering on the surface like a multi-coloured jewel on the lily-white neck of a beautiful *(Get on with it, this is terrible. Ed.)*

Diana gazed, enthralled, as her grandmother-in-law wrestled with an enormous silver-backed drabble that had immediately taken the bait.

"It was a great holiday," Diana replied to the elderly angler's enquiries. "Yah. Brill. Actually."

"Yes, I saw the pictures in the *Hello* magazine or was it the *Daily Telegraph*? You really must have had a gay time by the look of it. And didn't you look fetching in your two-piece swimsuit?" The Queen Mother effortlessly dragged the 28-pound freshwater drabble onto the bank and administered a sharp blow to its head with a bottle of gin. Bop!

"That's enough of you, chummy!" she cried as it flapped in its death throes before its Royal Despatcher. "And what of my dear Grandson? There weren't many pictures of him."

Diana laughed. "Well no, there wouldn't be. He spent most of the time below decks with his fax machine."

"A fax machine?" the Queen Mother repeated, enthusiastically opening her wickerwork basket (a wedding present from the Emperor Heile Satirical of Uthanasia) which was filled to bursting with the delicious fare of the Salomon Brothers of Aberdeen.

"Yes. I use the fax for all my bets now. Do you know I won ten shillings last week on Twinky's Fancy in the 3.30 at Windsor?"

"Fab, Granny."

Diana warmed again to this splendid and inspiring woman who was even now cutting a large slice of Hunter and Docherty's Game Pie.

Diana had not been enthusiastic at first when Charles had suggested she make the long trek to Scotland whilst he lectured at his annual architectural summer school at Magdalen College, Oxford. But when Diana found out that Granny would be there she had decided that it might be worth a visit after all.

The young Princess refused a swig of a leather-bound flask of old Jim Naughtie's "World at One" Malt ("a wee drammie will send ye tae sleep").

"Ya. Chazza was a real bore, as per usual. He got some bee in his bonnet about some new building in Scotland or somewhere and resigned from some committee or something. Real Yawno, Granny."

The old lady tittered and took a nip from the flask herself. "You don't need to tell me, dear. My late husband, His Majesty King George the Sixth, was much the same. You're far too young to remember him but you know there are many quite striking similarities."

Diana shifted uneasily on her designer shooting stick.

"But how did you cope, Granny?" The old lady drew her Swiss Army knife from her belt and with deft strokes busied herself in gutting the drabble.

"Rather like you are doing now, dear. Just ignore him. Keep smiling and have a good time. Everyone will love you."

Diana leaned forward attentively and the Queen Mother continued: "I always made a point of choosing a nice matching hat and handbag and waving a lot. We didn't have the *Hello* in these days but there was something similar called the *Illustrated London News*. I was always in that. After a while people forgot who my husband was." She chopped the head cleanly off the dead fish and turned to Diana.

"Who was it who said, 'When you're smiling, the whole world smiles with you'?"

"It was probably Charles's friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Bore", Diana offered.

The two Royal ladies threw back their heads and laughed with such merriment that the shooting stick created by Linley London Craftwork plc snapped in the middle, propelling its beautiful owner to the ground where she landed with a high-pitched giggle and found herself staring at the wet goggle-eyed features of the decapitated fish. Who did it remind her of? It would come to her surely.

(To be continued)

TRAVEL

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL NEWSPAPERS

The Undiscovered Joys of

FRIBI

by **Our Travel Correspondent**

THE ISLAND of Fribi lies like a jewel in the azure Mediterranean Sea off the wooded coast of Manturia. It was here that the ancient Romans built their temple to the Goddess Frilodia in 346 BC and it was here that the British Airways 787 landed over 12 centuries later after a short and comfortable journey with an inflight meal consisting of the following delicious items: A Pomerade of Poulet Froid avec Lettuce Manquis; A Tranche of Home-Cured Jambon Bernard Mathieu (sell-by date July 91); Gateau de Lord King; A Demi-Bouteille of Vin de Boeing 1991.

Fribi has much to offer the serious traveller, including a particularly fine walk around the harbour (where once Byron stayed as a guest of the Comtessa Legovia), which leads naturally to the restaurant of Signor Chancellori and his beautiful wife Peregrina. Here, for as little as nothing at all, I ate a wonderful meal consisting of the following items: Ragatino di Frutti di Mare *(That's enough food. Ed).*

The local people believe that the ancient spring which bubbles up under the olive groves of Fribi's hinterland was the very one that Napoleon drank from following his defeat at the Battle of Sessione in 1804. Certainly Alfredo, who has run the gift shop there (Alfredo's Gift Shop) since 1979, believes the legend and in his shop you can purchase all manner of Napoleonic and other souvenirs. These are all made by local *artisones* and include: a plastic replica of the earthenware cup used by the Emperor; a set of leather coasters showing views of Oxford Colleges *(shurely 'the island of Fribi'? Ed)*; a packet of car stickers saying FRIBIANS DO IT FOR NOTHING; t-shirts bearing the legend MADE IN TAIWAN.

When you've had your fill of the delights of Fribian shopping at Alfredo's then there is always the beach and "Johnny's Surf Bar", run by the enterprising Australian Studley Bruce Palling, who "came over for a holiday and decided to stay". You can rent or buy from Studley a marvellous range of windsurfing and scuba-diving gear and he will even teach you Hydroparaski-diving at a very reasonable rate.

Then it's back to the hotel (and it has to be the Fribi Ramada, with its glorious pool, light airy rooms, underground disco and beauty salon) for a cocktail.

In the Salmonella Bar, ask for Hans and he will rustle you up his famous Nuremburg Stinger.

What a perfect end to a day!

Yes, Fribi is the most perfect unspoilt holiday paradise that I have stayed in since last week.

● *Our Correspondent travelled to Fribi with GnomeSun Holiday Tours on a Special 7-Night Breakaway Special Break. He flew British Airways Club Executive Diamond Class to Pavarotti Airport and hired a Fiat Uno from Fribi Rental Co. His travel insurance came from Gnome AllCover plc.*

The cost of his trip in total came to: £0.00p.

GLENDA SLAGG

COUP WOTTA SCORCHER

BORIS YELTSIN — don'tchajustluvvim? With his silver-grey hair and cuddly teddy-bear features, I say this munchy macho Muscovite is my vote for the next leader of Russia. Good on yer, Boris! Das vidanya, Comrade! *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

BORIS YELTSIN — aren'tchasickofhim? Everywhere you look there's Boring Yeltsin, a-thumpin' and a-bumpin' his fist on Gorby's head *(shurely 'podium'? Ed.).* Charisma he ain't got, no sirreee!!?!

Pack it in, Mr Nobody from the Nevsky, and give old Gorbo his job back!?!!

POOR old Raisa — that's Mrs Gorbachev to you, stoopid!?!! No wonder she's feeling poorly after all she's been through?!??

And now she's going to have to play second fiddle to the gorgeous poutin' Mrs Yeltsin!!?!? (One more para like this and you're fired. Ed.)

GOOD riddance!!! Not Mr Yanayev, Mister, but that other right wing dictator, so-called 'Sir' Alastair Brunette!?!!

This week the reign of terror ended when Old Red Nose *(shurely 'flag'? Ed.)* stopped flying over the newsroom at ITN?!? With his "Good evening, Your Majesty" and "Now tonight's soccer results", he put the nation to sleep and no mistake!?!!?

Apparently Sir Alastair Bong! is not retiring but takin' a job at Sky!?! What's the difference, Mister! Answers on a postcard please!?!

HERE they are — Glenda's Emergency Committee:

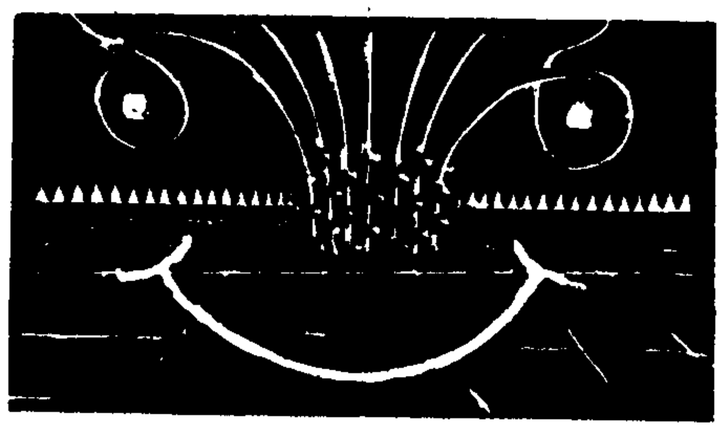
● **Sir Edward du Cann** — Du Cann come round to my place and be my chairman any time you like, Big Boy! Geddit?!?

● **Vitali Vitaliev** — they call him Moscow's Ben Elton!?! Tell us a joke, Vitali!?!

● **Instant Sunshine?!??** The Musical Medics with their Mellifluous Melodies and Lovable Lyrics! Come round and give me some bedside manner any time?!! All of you!!?!

Byeeeeeeee!!

DIARY



SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY

May I say this through the offices of your great journal to all our friends in the Soviet Union. Great cities, great countries, great nations, can be destroyed in a brief moment of time. I remember as a United States senator visiting Beirut when she was a strong, beautiful, proud city. Soon after, she was in ruins. I made a whistle-stop tour of the great city of Addis Ababa. I left it in ruins. I was welcomed to South Africa when she was the shining pearl of that great continent. Within days, she had been ravaged. There is a lesson to be learned here by us all. When we have discovered for ourselves what exactly it is, our children will be able to rest easy in their beds. I know you will be glad to hear that I hope to pay an official visit to the Soviet Union as soon as possible.

The events at Chappaquiddick are now water under the bridge. As a nation, we must learn to look ahead. The future lies dependent not on our past; nor does it lie dependent upon our present: our future is dependent upon our present lies. My advisers, my friends, my family, my medical officers, my probation officers, and the people of Massachussetts have urged me to wait another thirty years before putting myself forward for the most honorable of offices, the Presidency of the United States of America. In the year 2021, I will still be only eighty eight years of age, still young enough to put my name forward — if this be the will of the nation. By this time Chappaquiddick will seem like the merest splash in the ocean.

Let me say one thing to you straight down the line. You cannot go through an ordeal such as I suffered last Easter without making up your own mind that in future you are going to be more attentive to behavior. And this I vow with all the solemnity at my disposable: when next I sink a bottle and a half, okay, three-quarters, of Scotch, hey, did someone mention Scotch?, woohoo count me in guys, I will on no account whatsoever allow my judgement to interfere with my behavior correction my behavior to interfere with correction my interfering behavior to be judged by the mass media, say, Carl, could you work on this and get it right by the morning? I'm kinda tired.

Straightaway, let me take this opportunity to discountenance any rumors which may or may not be circulating that I am no longer in close touch with my wife Joan Jane Jan Jean could someone check on that name please? Kennedy. We are legally divorced and though we do not see one another or speak to one another we remain in close touch for the sake of our marriage, and of our family, and of the American people. I have the greatest respect and admiration for the great spirit of independence of my wife Mrs Kennedy. She has long been a great tonic to my family and hers, to our family, a great tonic, joan and tonic, say, yeah, sure thing, I could sink one of those, slice of lemon, straight up, on the rocks but let me make one thing clear our marriage is not on the rocks now nor was it ever either before or after our legal divorce. When you enter politics, you know there's going to be the media to deal with, you know you're just not going to be let off easy, but, hell, that's just one of the risks, the whisks, the whiskies. Chivas Regal, why not, that you make for the greater good of mankind. Thank you kindly for your attention.

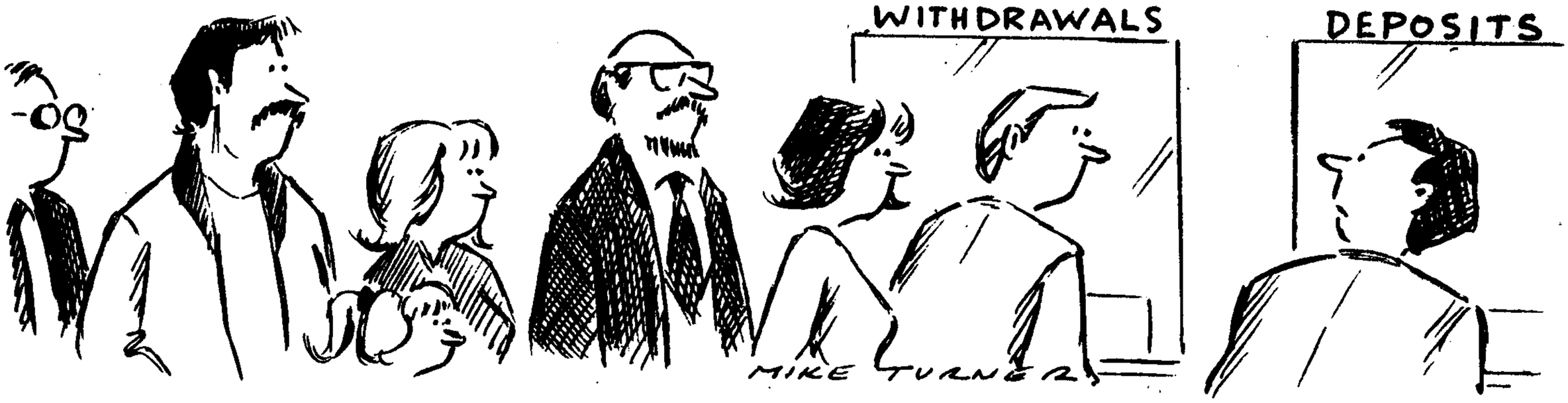
We have been called America's First Family. I'll admit that has a nice ring to it. To me, the basis of American life still lies in binge-drinking correction the family. If I have made a mistake in my life — a life I am proud to have dedicated to the service of our great democracy — it could be that I have failed to allow the American people a full enough understanding of the very real love and companionship we Kennedys experience when we get together around the blaze of the old log fire.

Picture it now if you will, a typical night at my cosy homestead on Ocean Boulevard. Over in the corner, my son Kennedy J.F. Kennedy, who has always struggled to stay out of the limelight, is hard at work stacking his syringes, he was always a tidy boy, a credit to his family. "Hey paw," he says, his eyes blazing the color of the most perfect Mediterranean sunset. "The fire's goin' out", so I chuck some more evidence on to it, and it glows great once more for one brief shining moment.

In another corner sits my dear old mother, Rose Kennedy, one hundred and one years young and still applying lipstick to her face all day, every day. "Sing us one of your ballads, Jack," she says. "Ted," I say. "Ted," she says. "Sing us one of your lovely ballads, Ted." She warms to the haunting Irish ballads of our forefathers such as "The Road to the Isles", "Men of Harlech", Dick O'Van Dyke's "Chim-Chim-Cheroo" and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" by Eire's proudest son, Rolf O'Harris.

As my lungs fill with the song of my ancestors, watched over by my niece Edwina Bobby Kennedy Kennedy and her children Ken-Ken Kennedy, K. Enid-Di Kennedy and Neddy-Ken Kennedy Jr, with tears swelling in my eyes I think of the torch of truth it has been my burden to shoulder throughout my adult life. "A sweep is as lucky as lucky can be," I chorus, and it chokes me to think of the torment and hardship I have undergone as a senior Senator from America's first family, nearly crushed by the burden of massive wealth. This, I think, gives me a unique understanding of the pain my forebears were forced to suffer in the famous Irish Potato Famine of 18 er 18 could someone check that date please? "Then blow me a kiss — and that's lucky too!" I draw the lilting ballad to an end, and when I look up frankly there isn't a dry eye in the house. In fact there isn't anyone at all in the house — they've all gone down to the Copacabana on Main Street.

As part of the Kennedy clan, I have felt it my noble duty to pick up the women the torch passed on to me by others, to rededicate myself to the freedom of the people and their longing for a better future and to reach out and touch whoever's panting for it the very hearts and minds of our common humanity. The very values which we all share — peace on earth, economic growth at home, compassion to all our fellow Americans — are the values I personally hold most dear. That enough? Great, and not a single mention of Kopechne.



Literary Review

A bit Liffey

The Van
Roddy Doyle
(Secker & Warburg £13.99)

JIMMY SR came in the living room. You got used to it. In fact, it wasn't too bad. Not fair though. He was fuckin' eating far less, but he was getting fuckin' fatter. Veronica, Darren and the twins had the Ireland game on.

WE ARE GREEN WE ARE WHI'E
WE ARE FUCKIN' DYNAMITE

That was your man Darren, like the foul-mouthed bollix he was. Veronica walloped him across the head and made him put 10 pee in the swear box. You had to hand it to Veronica.

— Jaysis, I'm telling yeh, the hum in here is fuckin' atrocious, said Jimmy Sr.

— Wha' abou' you? said Darren to his da. Yeh step in some more of that dogshite?

— Be careful wha' yeh say, son, Jimmy Sr warned him.

— Wha' did you do in school yesterday? Veronica asked Tracy.

— She stabbed this fella with a compass, said Linda.

— I did not so, Linda; fuck off. She only saw me gettin' him with the compass. An' I did not stab him. I on'y...

— Shut up! said Jimmy Sr. Is a word I'm wanting with all of yis.

— He walloped Tracy with the homework journal, but not too hard. There was a penno in the game and they stopped to watch but your man Sheedy blasted it over, the headless fuckin' chicken.

— Wis down the library, it's the business in there yeh know, and your man Doyle's written another book.

— Wha'?

— He has indeed, Darren, son. Getting fuckin' embarrassing this is. Three books now. The one about Jimmy Jr and his mates, the one about Sharon having the kid, and now this one about me and Bimbo running the burger van. Makes us look right fuckin' eejits.

Jimmy Sr felt a fart coming. He didn't trust himself with it, but he carried on:

— Yeh, well that's had a bad psychological effect on me, son, reading it all. Beats me how the little shitehawk found out abou' everything. Time the baby's nappy got fried in the batter by mistake, time your man from the health department starts asking questions, fuckin' row I had with Bimbo over that wagon of a wife of his.

— Yeh, shouldn't worry about that, said Darren. Fuckin' literary critics that write for the English newspapers 'll love yis.

— Wha's that?

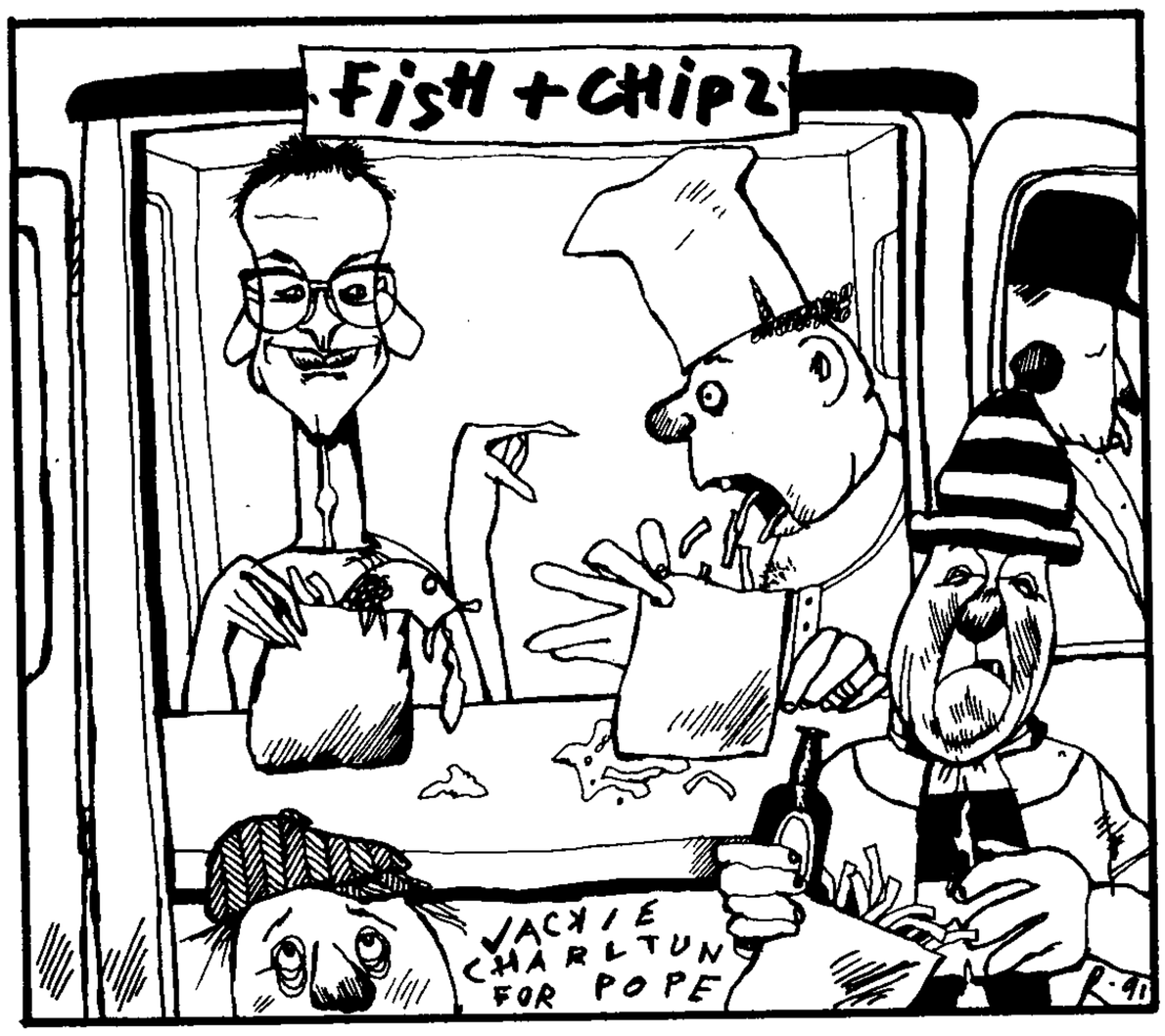
— Look at yeh, da. You're a fuckin' working class hero. Pissed out of yer brain and say "fuck" a lot but yeh've got a heart of gold. Fuckin' *Times Literary Supplement*'ll think yer a ride. Could be something by your man Kelman if it weren't for yer sense of humour.

— Yeh mean, yeh mean I'm *authentic* son?

— Sure da. You'll be a best-seller.

There was another penno in the game. Jimmy Sr watched it but your man Sheedy blasted it over again. He felt great though, he felt terrific. He said to Veronica:

— Give us a hug will yeh woman? I'm so happy I could shite.



Books & Bookmen

□ PUBLISHERS are having palpitations over the antics of this year's mostly geriatric Booker Prize judges. With the short-list due to be announced next month, Jeremy Treglown (chairman), Penelope Fitzgerald, Ann Schlee, Nicholas Mosley and Jonathan Keates are proving insatiable readers.

Either that, or they are seriously disappointed by the quality of the predictable books submitted. Houses such as Faber, Secker & Warburg and Chatto & Windus have been startled at being asked to send in books which they regarded as also-rans. Maybe this year's Booker jury will come up with a genuinely stimulating short list and a worthy winner.

■ WHAT *fun* Richard "Macho" Charkin and his number one henchman John Potter are having at Octopus, especially now that all three of Heinemann's female editors are gone: Nadia Lawrence (about to give birth), Amanda Conquy (about to give birth) and Laura Longrigg (having given birth). Sue Freestone has also gone, to Cape, as that way "Fatty" Cheetham thinks he'll be able to ensnare the mega-selling Douglas Adams, whom she edited. Charkin meanwhile confides to anyone who will listen that he's happy to see Adams go — on condition that Random Century post him a cheque for the £2 million which he reckons Octopus would lose in profits down the years. Plus, of course, repayment of the appropriately gargantuan advance and interest. Adams's agent, big, bearded, party-going Ed Victor, just doesn't know what to do.

Meanwhile, *The Silence of the Lambs* shows no sign of stopping selling: sales are up to 1.1 million in the Mandarin film tie-in edition, and it'll be followed by an omnibus book club edition of that plus Thomas Harris's other best-selling novel, *Red Dragon* (unfortunately for Octopus, Corgi have the paperback rights for this).

Octopus have commissioned Harris's next two novels for a sum which indicates that the deal was done months before the film of *Silence* was released.

"This one was on the VERY shortlist"

□ IT HAS not been much commented upon that the Octopus Group has for some time been sending invoices to booksellers without specifying that they are supplying all titles at net prices, which require booksellers to sell the books at the cover prices. Thus it is up to the individual bookseller to decide whether to sell any Heinemann, Secker & Warburg or Methuen title, plus the Mandarin and Minerva paperback lists, at a discounted price, thus stimulating sales.

Similarly — and can it be a coincidence? — orders to publishers from the Pentos Group of booksellers (including Dillons, Athena and Hatchards shops) carry small print to the effect that, all things being equal, they reserve the right to slash the prices of books supplied to them.

As soon as this year's Booker Prize short-list is announced it is likely that Terry Maher will, as he did last year, discount the favoured novels but not, as he did last year, cave in to two-faced publishers and jerk the prices back up to the publishers' recommendations as soon as Clive Bradley's toothless Publishers' Association threatens a wigging.

■ *HEADLINE, the publishers, have for some inexplicable reason canned the proposed book on Sonia Sutcliffe by journalist Barbara Jones. It was due out in October, but now Headline have joined the long list of publishers who have rejected this sordid tome.*

What sad news for Barbara Jones, who was having problems even with the serialisation rights of the ex-book. Neither the Mail on Sunday nor the Sun was too keen on it. Will no one help her out?

'Bookworm'

"Personally, I don't find it as undemanding as her previous book"

Energy

Power politics

No. 1: Tidal

THE Government's decision to give £1.2 million to a study of a tidal barrage across the Mersey comes just 10 years after Sir Hermann Bondi, chief scientist, recommended that it should give *£45 million* towards a Severn barrage. That, in turn, came *48 years* after the first Severn Committee had reported in favour of the idea. In recent years, there have been a series of favourable reports. Most of them have been, coincidentally no doubt, closely related to the timing of general elections.

Bondi's committee was set up on the eve of the 1979 election. Oil supplies were soaring with a Middle East crisis in progress. The idea that "something must be done" about a Severn barrage was becoming popular again. The issue was raised at a meeting of the Select Committee on Science and Technology attended by the then Energy Secretary, Tony Benn. He was asked by the chairman, Arthur Palmer, to take some action. The Tory energy spokesman, Tom King, added his support.

The three MPs had one thing in common: their constituencies were all local and liable to be affected. Benn sat for Bristol SE, Palmer for Bristol NE and King for Bridgwater. They were united by a desire to avoid the barrage becoming an election issue. It was controversial locally, being talked of as "another Concorde". That, too, was also a Bristol issue with thousands of jobs at the mercy of the Exchequer. So they happily agreed to the setting-up of a committee, to keep the talking going. Bondi was chosen to head it. He has now been chosen as a member of the new Advisory Group set up by Colin Moynihan on August 5.

The naïve Bondi had the idea that his verdict was wanted urgently. He had been working, he wrote, "against the clock". He provided a detailed plan of how the barrage could be hurried along, to "substantially shorten the time to first generation".

Poor Hermann. His report was put on a shelf in the Department of Energy and left there. Until, that is, another election was looming in May 1983. The new Energy Secretary, Nigel Lawson, waited until May 12, the day before Parliament rose for the election. Then he bravely announced... the setting up of yet another committee, the Severn Tidal Power Group (STPG). It was given a budget, not of £45 million, but of £250,000, half of one per cent of the sum suggested by Bondi.

If Bondi's recommendations had been accepted, the barrage would have been built by now and generating electricity every time the tide rose and fell. The cost of building the project has gone up in the meantime from £5,000 million to £8,000 million.

The committee set up by Lawson included members from six companies: McAlpine, Balfour Beatty, General Electric, Northern Engineering Industries, Taylor Woodrow and Wimpey. All these firms were hoping for new contracts from the nuclear industry. Electricity from the barrage would feed into the grid just where the nuclear industry wanted to build a PWR, at Hinkley Point in Somerset. It would have been a natural alternative to a PWR. But the members did not even try to appear at the Hinkley Point inquiry. They would have had to argue that the barrage was superior to the PWR that their own employers were angling for contracts to build.

Peter Walker, when he was Energy Secretary, diverted the committee into studying a Mersey barrage, ignoring the accurate observation of the leader of the STPG committee, Reg Carr, who works for McAlpine's. He commented that tidal barrages were "site specific". That is, experience of a small one on the Mersey would be of little help in building a much bigger one on the Severn. In other words, it was a device to waste time.

Water power has operated in Britain for 800 years at least, to drive flour mills. It has been used to generate electricity by the French at La Rance in Brittany. There it was intended to build a pilot scheme of 240 megawatts and move on to generate 12,000 megawatts in St Michael's Bay. The larger scheme was never built; de Gaulle decided to put the money into nuclear power instead.

The main argument deployed against tidal power is that it is too expensive. The price is usually put at around three or four times the cost of electricity from a conventional power station. In reality it is among the cheapest sources, because the "fuel" — sea water — is free once the capital has been paid. The method of calculation used by the Treasury, known as "discounting", operates against anything capital-intensive, such as a major construction project.

La Rance, built in 1965, now produces France's cheapest electricity. In Scotland hydro-electric power, which is comparable, generates Britain's cheapest electricity at 0.4p a unit. The first British committee to consider the Severn barrage costed it at £38,426,475 in 1933. It could now have been generating at an infinitesimal 0.075p a unit.

Mr Moynihan is enthusiastic about his new policy. He has put poor old Bondi (him again!), Mary Archer and other enthusiasts for clean energy on yet another committee. He would be peeved were anyone to look with cynicism at his goodwill or his gift to the Mersey barrage. But good intentions do not gain mega-rewards from the Treasury. It is big investment that is needed and Mr Moynihan will be judged by his success in obtaining it. At present, things do not look favourable for him.

Health News

Ackers' yard

THE antics of Sir James Ackers, chairman of the West Midlands Regional Health Authority, are stretching the loyalties of his chums in the Government to the limit.

Ackers was appointed 10 years ago during the Tory drive to bring businessmen into the NHS. It was some consolation for him, after being rejected as a Parliamentary candidate by several wise constituencies.

Last week saw his lorry hire business, Ackers Jarrett, taken into receivership with debts that could mean dozens more local liquidations. It also saw a series of revelations of what Ackers's business skills have done to the RHA.

First came the leak of a confidential report by Roy Carver, chairman of Wolverhampton District Health Authority, accusing Ackers of appointing two American firms, URL Consultants and AT&T Istel, without authority, to spend more than £6 million on a controversial computer system for ordering hospital supplies.

Another Ackers decision, to privatise the RHA computer bureau, has ended in a shambles. Accounts show that the new company, Qa Business Services, has lost £725,000 in its first year — and run up net debts exceeding £1.5 million.

The RHA's regional director, Ken Bales, has resigned in despair, closely followed by publicity supremo Jim Clayton. Ackers has already peremptorily sacked senior directors David Hands, Anne Colson and legal officer Ian Paterson.

Ackers's announcement of his company's receivership was accompanied by a statement that ministers had agreed to his remaining as RHA chair. On that very day Ackers Jarrett was still having work done by local firms — although Ackers knew he could never pay. Quite how the Government will view a man who trades while insolvent remaining in charge of Britain's biggest health authority remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, a strange tale emerges from the ranks of Birmingham's taxi drivers. Some claim to have refused Sir James's calls for a cab home after he had been sick in several taxis after late night RHA meetings. What can they be on about?

Isle of Man

Only here for De Beers

THE MYSTERY of what De Beers, the South African multinational, is up to at its sinister base in the Isle of Man (*Eyes passim*) continues to deepen.

De Beers started to set up operations on the Isle of Funny Money in 1987 and has been coy about its presence there ever since. Now it is being equally coy about its Manx workforce.

One of its companies, Diamanx Products, which produces synthetic diamonds, has 28 people working for it in the De Beers five-acre warehouse complex at the Manx freeport. Fifteen staff members have joined the Transport and General Workers' Union; but when local union boss Bernie Moffatt wrote to Diamanx to seek recognition and a formal negotiating agreement with the company for his members, he received a letter from a Ms Barrett which said that Diamanx did not employ anyone and so there was nothing to negotiate.

It transpires that all the staff, who thought they were employees of Diamanx, are actually employed by a company called Pacini, De Beers' holding company for its Manx operations. Ms Barrett signed herself as Diamanx's personnel officer — a job that must carry an exceptionally light workload as no personnel are employed.

Mr Moffatt views the affair as yet another of De Beers' convolutions and is determined to get recognition for his workers. If necessary the union is threatening to bus a load of people down to the freeport complex to pay the company a visit.

However, entry to the site may prove even trickier than it was a few months ago. John Webster, who operates freeport security, has fallen from grace with De Beers and the company now runs its own security at the freeport site, including at the gate to its private runway to the adjacent airport. No expense has been spared on installing new alarms and locks.

All this is a long way from the days last year when security boss Webster and his wife enjoyed an expenses-paid holiday in South Africa, with the carrot of a possible future directorship. Instead De Beers now appears to be aiming for maximum autonomy and secrecy for its Manx operation.

What the company will do with its five acres of warehouse-style buildings is still unclear. But the complex attracts some of De Beers' top executives who frequently arrive in company aircraft. No doubt they enjoy gourmet meals in the designer dining room in one of the warehouses; and to house the executives while they are on the island De Beers has quietly purchased a row of houses in Derby Square, Douglas. The exteriors have not been touched and give no clue to the fact the interiors have all been ripped out and are currently being fitted out as luxury apartments with "de luxe" furnishings.

There must be a simple explanation why De Beers' top men don't want to stay in hotels when they visit the Isle of Man; and the cynical rumour that they sometimes receive guests who have no desire to be traceable through a hotel register is an horrendous slur on a firm of international repute.

● In last week's story *The Knilling Fields* the Frank who raised the issue of Professor Knill in the House of Commons was Frank Cook *not* Frank Field. Sorry.

In the City

FORMER Guinness director Thomas Ward, a well-connected and supposedly well-off Washington lawyer, is looking to join the list of those for whom the taxpayer is expected to pick up the tab for their defence.

Ward is understood to have applied for legal aid in order to defend himself against the theft and fraud charges he will be tried on next year.

Just how Ward, who was paid £5.2 million offshore by Guinness and lives in some style on a Maryland farm, would qualify for legal aid is not immediately clear.

No doubt he will claim that he has no assets in this country and is the subject of a civil claim by Guinness for the return of the £5 million, most of which he says went to the US taxman.

As to his American assets, it may well emerge that either these are all pledged, or not his, or in some other way not available to fund his defence.

All of which raises the question, however, as to how Ward funded his initial resistance to the Serious Fraud Office's move to extradite him. Far from relying on a public defender or even his own counsel, Ward employed the mega-expensive Washington law firm of Williams & Connolly.

By cutting a deal with the SFO and returning to Britain voluntarily, Ward saved the six- or even seven-figure cost of a likely two-year legal fight. Perhaps he will now claim that impecunity forced his return.

The taxpayer has already had to pay for Ernest Saunders and will have to pay for Lord Spens whose court date, with Roger Seelig, is 23 September. It would be ironic, not to say somewhat unfair, if Ward, a lawyer, were able to obtain legal aid when Seelig, a mere merchant banker, is forced to represent himself.

WHILE it is true that the Bank of Crooks, Cocaine & Impostors had a plague-like quality for most in the City, as the saga of the local councils has revealed, there is no such thing as dirty money when commissions can be earned.

It is therefore interesting to learn that among those for whom BCCI and its affiliates was not a dirty word was Oppenheimer, US brokers with offices in London.

Oppenheimer did business with BCCI's Cayman Island "bank within a bank", International Credit & Investment Company (Overseas). Investigations by Price Waterhouse discovered that ICIC, via two other BCCI affiliates, had a liability to Oppenheimer of almost $17 million on repurchase agreements. "Repos" are a widely used cash-raising technique whereby a seller of US Treasury instruments agrees to buy back at a fixed price.

Assuming those deals are still outstanding, the question now is just who has to pay Oppenheimer, as the liability may belong not to ICIC but to BCCI, which treated the money as an undisclosed deposit.

SHARES in developers Danbury Group responded favourably to the arrival last month of Irishman Robert Noonan as the new chief executive. Exactly why that should be, given the failure of Marler Estates, despite the subsequent takeover, to live up to its pre-October 1987 promise, and Noonan's previous unsuccessful career at Moore Holdings, which crashed into receivership, is hard to understand — other than by those who will be out well before the final chapter is written.

Noonan, who received a £2.2 million golden goodbye from Marler, has as his mouthpiece Square Mile Communications, which has done such wonders for truth on behalf of Brent Walker. Square Mile's John Coyle has always been at home among the City's Essex Men, who include the Danbury team.

Not quite so obvious is the link with lawyer Eric Levine, recently returned to London from New York, but still seemingly retaining his long-time connection with the not-so-jolly green giant, Sir James Goldsmith. Levine had been in discussions regarding a deal for Danbury prior to Noonan's arrival.

WHILE Robert Noonan is on the comeback trail, another former Marler Estates shareholder — busted out Japanese bonds and warrants dealer Terry Ramsden — is trying to remain history. And for good reason.

Bill Collins, former senior partner of stockbrokers Guy Puckle (RIP), has obtained judgement against Ramsden for what he owed the firm — at least six figures. Also keen to have a word are the SFO, who continue to probe the wreckage of Tel's Glen International. All the Ramsden assets, like two homes, appear to be held in offshore names and Ramsden visits but occasionally, not to mention briefly.

THE still-expanding investigation into insurance broker Roger Levitt is expected to result in several further charges raising the total amount involved to more than £10 million. It is also expected that further arrests will be made from among certain of Levitt's former associates — those who are not assisting police with their inquiries.

ONE of the rival bidders against TSW for the commercial TV franchise in the South West is Telewest. Closely involved with Telewest are the brothers Graham and Howard Shore, of Shore Capital Stockbrokers. This Howard Shore is presumably not related to the Howard Shore of Puma Securities, whose old school friend Jonathan Greenwood used Puma for share deals in the days before he was charged (and acquitted) of insider dealing.

JUST before Sir Edward Du Cann finally bit the Homes Assured bullet (but not the cyanide capsule) and resigned as Lonrho chairman, another of his business associates also encountered a little regulatory turbulence.

New York stockbroker Andrew Racz was fined $15,000 by the American Stock Exchange and subject to increased supervision for a year.

At one time Racz, who had met Du Cann in London when a student, acted as an agent for the MP's company First Talisman Investment. There were disputes with brokers about unpaid accounts. Although also criticised for his overly-aggressive promotional techniques, Racz remained on good terms with Du Cann. But then he did take 100,000 of his First Talisman shares for sale to US investors at 10p when the shares could not be sold in London and were close to worthless.

BANKERS are ever accommodating suits. Take for example Bank Leumi, one of the three major Israeli banks. Recently its Zurich branch discussed the decision of the Swiss authorities to end the loophole whereby numbered accounts could be opened by lawyers or other professionals on behalf of hot or dirty money clients whose identity did not have to be revealed to the bank.

Bank Leumi directors were told that the bank had just over 100 unidentified clients, whose deposits totalled some £58 million. The bank knew most, but not all, of the true owners.

The directors were somewhat concerned at the possibility that such secrecy-conscious clients could take their money elsewhere. It was therefore suggested that the bank consider offering clients the opportunity to switch their deposits to Bank Leumi branches in the Cayman Islands or Hungary — or even to Luxembourg, where a branch could be opened to accommodate such shy depositors.

Bank Leumi management is now studying how to deal with this sensitive subject. Such a facility could prove an interesting niche for new business in the view of the directors.

'Slicker'

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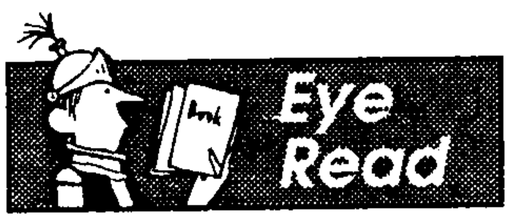

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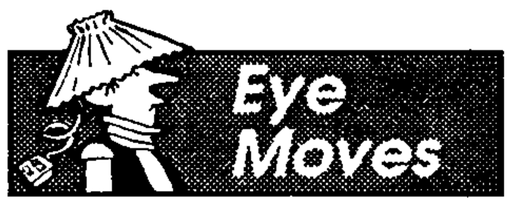

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YOUNG LADY SEEKS soldier penpal/boyfriend, 26 plus. Must be sincere. Box 11175.

DESERT RAT BACHELOR (grad. 33) wants to come home to more than the old folks. Seeks happy, intelligent woman willing to re-civilize. PO Box 41153, Riyadh 11521.

NEGLECTED HUSBAND, tall, slim, 30, seeks uninhibited, passionate lady for discreet affair. Age, looks, colour unimportant. London. Box 12075.

SENSITIVE, SOPHISTICATED, sensual gentleman, seeks attractive, passionate lady, 25-40, to share caring cuddles and lingering laughter. Preferably London S/E. Discretion, recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 2775.

SMALL CHANGE? Short, unconventional, cultured, non-smoking, churchgoing man, single, young 34, SE seeks single lady friend. Box 2875.

MEDIC (SLIGHTLY eccentric) unexpectedly footloose and wishes fancies-freed, has genuine soft heart. North Western male patients, 30-40, please reply. Box 5275.

VERY SUCCESSFUL goodlooking, dark-haired male, aged 38, seeking very good-looking female with good figure, under 35 years for an honest relationship. Must have spare time to accompany me on luxury weekends and generally enjoy good, affluent times together. Recent photo and telephone number please. Box 5375.

PRODIGAL SON back in UK after years abroad, mid-forties but not middle-aged, single again several years ago, reasonably goodlooking, solvent, nice flat and lifestyle, warm-hearted, loyal would love to spoil younger, affectionate feminine lady for a while or forever? Preferably within reasonable distance of London. Tennis player not essential but a real bonus. Photo appreciated. Box 5475.

FILM NOIR PROTAGONIST, 29, seeks ethereal, gothic beauty for genre bending collaboration in Thames Valley. Arty pleasures and very loud music awaits right woman. Box 5575.

CARING BOY, 24, 6'2", dark, sensitive, humorous, seeks warm, unpretentious lady who might know what to do with him. Box 5675.

A VOTRE SANTE young blade, 56, fit, well orf, seeks lively woman for mutual satisfaction, permanency. Photo please. Oxon/Cambs. Box 5775.

HAPPILY MARRIED/ happily single lady, attractive, but any age, wanted to accompany 48 year old businessman, spotlessly clean with own hair and teeth, to night-shift hedonism, Maihof etc. Non smoker please. Application with photo to Box 5875.

CUDDLE-STARVED CAMBS. Male, 33, personable, sociable, needs affectionate female (25-35). Could it be you? Write and see! Box 5975.

I HATE SHEEP! Graduate, professional male, 24, exiled in Aberdeen, seeks lively female for serious drinking and general good times. Photo clinches reply. East Coast/Anywhere. Box 6075.

WIDOW, 34, very pretty, adventurous, warm, wide interests, seeks man under 50, perhaps also wjdowed or divorced with courage and humour for relaxed evenings. Guaranteed no pressure. Photograph essential. London. Box 6175.

ATTRACTIVE MATURE confident woman sought by 37 year old man. I'm well educated, 6' nearly, good looking, fit but not faddish and married. Seeks warmth, laughter and excitement from an uncomplicated relationship. Box 6275.

SERENDIPITY? Chap, 42, tall, N/S, single, shyish, artisan, seeks nice lady to enjoy autumn, winter, spring, summer with. Kent/London. Box 6375.

SINGLE MAN, 34, eclectic, sensual, attractive, 6ft, slim, between hedonism and asceticism seeks slim, intelligent woman to fall in love/lust with for a day or a lifetime. North East. Photo please. Box 6475.

GRADUATE MALE, late 30s, considered attractive, married but missing excitement in life, wishes to meet vivacious lady for stimulating conversation, candlelit dinners and laughter in bed. London area. Box 6575.

LADY SOUGHT BY attractive, educated man (40, married) for weekday evening frolics. Oxfordshire, Berkshire. Box 6675.

CAN'T SEEM TO FIND him. I'm 55, eligible, autonomous, vibrant. He'll be intelligent, free, emotionally game and if he answers this serendipitous too. Swap details? Photos? Box 6775.

TRAGEDY! This attractive, vivacious brunette (31) has NEVER seen an opera or ballet. Could offer race meeting or country walk (dog inclusive) in return. Box 6875.

ELEGANT LADY 40/65 sought by good-looking man, 48, with time to spare in afternoon and evenings. Totally discreet. Photo appreciated. Box 2375.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE girl student, (21) craves honesty and midnight feasts with a genuinely lovely chap London/Home Counties. Photo would be good. Box 7075.

HANDSOME AMERICAN, married businessman living in London, 38, affluent, fit, vibrant, responsible, seeks one shapely, sensuous, together woman for ongoing hot passionate relationship. Wife lives in USA! Photo/phone. Box 7175.

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, travel-loving, polyglot, rucksack in Asia but comfortable also Chez Point, leftish but cynical woman. 30-35 must exist for similar 40-ish Brussels/London based man? Box 7275.

WANTED: MAN OF English wit, Italian style, American pizzaz, who is warm, intelligent, travelled, independent, lithe for an attractive woman with most of these qualities some of the time. Box 7375.

ATTRACTIVE OLDER MAN, slim, affluent, intelligent, virile, good-looking, own hair. Would much like to meet really attractive young lady who would appreciate the best places London and abroad. Box 7475.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 29, tall, slim, fair hair, blue eyes, lacking in confidence, seeks intelligent and attractive lady for discreet affair. Box 7575.

HEDONIST (48) seeks sensual, imaginative woman (30s) for erotic games. Photo. Box 7675.

FEMALE, 33, pretty, great figure, sensual, London-based, with rural desires, arts, alternatives, emotional, strong, independent woman, needy little girl. To start? A man with self awareness and substance. 30s? Box 7775.

SUCCESSFUL, WELL-OFF, attractive, fun-loving, professional businessman, 37, would like to hear from stylish, intelligent ladies, 23-30, for dining and entertaining. Photo appreciated. Box 12175.

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ATTRACTIVE EX-MODEL lady, 33, married securely, seeking attractive, discreet, professional man, 20-40, understanding, romantic, caring nature, day time meetings. Photo essential. Complete discretion assured. North East. Box 11975.

JERSEY-BASED single female, 25, 5'6", blonde, attractive and well educated loves music, sailing, theatre, country life, seeks professional, sincere man for genuine friendship. Box 5273.

TALL, HANDSOME, gentleman, 31, public-school, Cambridge type, international lawyer, seeks healthy blonde, 18-24 (send photo). Box 9273.

HONG KONG, an Englishman abroad. 34, own company, trying to heal a broken heart, needs a little bit of home to make life perfect again. You are under 35, attractive, slim, adventurous. The right reply receives return air ticket to Hong Kong. Photo and phone number ensures reply. Box 11073.

LONDON MALE (41) passionate, likes travel, cinema and cooking. Seeks dream woman. Photo please. Box 9270.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE teacher, 29, seeks male partner for domesticity. Interests: theatre, travel, environment. Thames, South East easier. Box 2075.

EDIBLE BACHELOR, 30, seeks twenty-something woman for Ulster ecstasy. Box 2175.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL MAN, 48, presentable, single, seeks warm lady with sense of humour for civilised life. Photo appreciated. Box 2275.

NICE MAN REQUIRED for professional female, 35, tall, outdoor type. No bores, meanies or cretins. Must be interesting and alive to reawaken reformed lunatic. Box 8975.

ON THE SHELF. Cupboard is bare. Key in Box 9075.

EXUBERANT FEMALE graduate, early 30s, returned again from the Middle East, still finds the men in London either married, gay or with even less breeding than Jonathan Ross, seeking someone with character and humour. Box 9175.

THIS 48 YEARS young travelling Taurean man seeks a beautiful, happy soulmate, 28-40, to share fun, fantasies and feelings after his long commitment to music education projects. South London/Surrey. Please write with photograph. Box 9275.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 41, attractive, married, seeks mutually stimulating affair with well educated, married lady, utmost discretion essential. Box 9475.

MALE, DOESN'T BELIEVE in love, so I'm not looking for a lifetime companion. I am looking for someone single or married who'd like some fun. South coast preferred. Box 9575.

QUITE GORGEOUS, brainy, blonde, 33, with artistic, philosophical and literary interests, seeks bookish man (dark?) good looks, clear head and a kind heart. Letter/photo please in absolute confidence. Box 9675.

SINGLE, MALE, 32, slim, shy, philosophy graduate, wishes to correspond with bright, curious, easy-going female. Object: an intimate meeting of minds. Photo appreciated. Sense of humour essential. Reply guaranteed. Box 9775.

SUCCESSFUL, SOLVENT, well travelled graduate, forties. OK looking, feeling tied and tepid, needs revitalising by lively, younger flame who enjoys good food, laughter, possible adventure. Please write with photo. Box 9875.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE I enjoy theatre and good food, but what I really enjoy is making things. Is there a like-minded female out there who can also manage intelligent conversation? I'm 38 and live in N. London. Box 9975.

WHERE ARE ALL the real men? Witty (?) good cook. Seeks lasting romance with professional man (30s) with sense of humour. North East. Box 10075.

POINTS OF VIEW: Cambridge man 30+, looking for new horizons, seeks women with vision for exchange. Box 10175.

BEAUTIFUL MEDIA GIRL, 31, successful, professional, dynamic and kind, seeks a special, unattached man, 29-38 to make her life completer. Box 10275.

GIVING FATE A nudge: attractive, articulate, affectionate, otherwise happy lady, hopes for a reply from non-smoking London/Surreyish gentleman who'd also prefer to share life's ups/downs — widowed/divorced, sincere, not neurotic, solvent, c35-50. Photo appreciated. Box 10375.

REALLY RATHER NICE chap, 34, professional, London, would like occasional outings with really rather nice girl to do all those things which are not as fun alone. Box 10475.

GENTLEMAN, 62, ex-masseur, seeks occasional friendship. Box 10575.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, sporty male, 37, seeks genuinely attractive, professional female for fun, laughter and friendship. North West preferred. Photo appreciated. Box 11275.

ATTRACTIVE CAREER woman, forties, cool head, warm heart, arts interests, wants part-time, long-term relationship with exciting, civilised man. Photo please. Box 11375.

CAN YOU HANDLE the sting in my tail? Single, professional Scorpio, 42, sense of humour, cuddly, passionate, seeks caring, competent man for brilliant relationship. No adulterers, wimps or Mummy's boys. Photo appreciated. London/South East. Box 2475.

LONDON BASED WOMAN, 34, seeks close relationship with humorous professional man, aged 35+. Must share some interests; mine include books, pubs, old buildings, food, live soccer (preferably not at Highbury), getting lost on motorways. Long letter please. Box 2975.

SOUTH YORKS. Woman seeks Local Hero with hiking boots and no hang ups. Box 3075.

UNCONVENTIONAL, professional man, 37, seeks enthusiastic lady for loving, lasting, affair. South. Box 3175.

HAPPY HORSEY HANTS girl, 26, slim, blonde, professional, seeks single chap, preferably lawyer, teacher, etc, 30-40 for sincere friendship. Box 3275.

SHY, ATTRACTIVE, witty, intense chap, 27, needs TLC from musical/clever female, 21-38. London. Box 3375.

SE LONDON BOY. 25, good looking, intelligent and undisciplined, seeks energetic female, similar age with wide interests who hates staying in and watching telly, for fun and romance. Pro-smoking drinker essential. Photo please. Box 3475.

WELL ABOVE AVERAGE woman with interesting job and happy young child seeks caring man (35+), London. Box 3575.

MALE, LONDON, 40, single, attractive, intelligent, seeks sensitive lady to love. Box 3675.

ATTRACTIVE ROMANIAN woman, (23) seeks friend and lover for convenient marriage. Box 3775.

FUN LOVING, 33 year old male, professional, solvent, happy, but tired of playing silly games, seeks smallish, blondish, spontaneous winner. Brief letter with photo and phone number please. Box 3875.

LADY SOUGHT BY 27 year old man for company on a long holiday in a hot place. All expenses paid — and no funny business! Age/looks unimportant. Box 3975.

HAPPY, SLIM, attractive 38 year old single mum seeks similar male for cuddles and companionship. Photo please. Box 4075.

WIDOWER (65), tall, professional, energetic, wishes to meet slim, attractive, cultivated lady, early 50s for lasting companionship. London/Home Counties. Phone with photo appreciated. Box 4175.

ROSES, CHAMPAGNE, hot-tub massage and fun. Late 30s, 6ft, pony-tailed, entrepreneur seeks lively lady with cosy SE pad for discreet afternoon games. Box 4275.

VEGETARIAN GIRLBIKER, 30, into HM, studying with OU seeks tolerant male who does not need to get legless on every social occasion. For long term relationship. Box 5175.

RECYCLED, AFFLUENT inventor, Manchester, seeks stunning businesswoman companion for work/play. Photo? Box 2575.

DERBYSHIRE. Attractive, petite, single mum, 31, seeks sincere, honest friendship. Sense of humour important. Age, nationality not. No rotters please. Photo appreciated. Box 2675.

BEAUTIFUL LOVELY LADY, 25-35 sought by handsome, affluent, sincere man, 43 for keeps. She can be any nationality as long as she is beautiful, intelligent and sexy. Photo essential, returned. Box 6975.

HEALTHY 18-28 young lady sought by equally healthy, near 40, Englishman, 6ft, established UK, USA and Caribbean and wants to make babies with Miss Right. Photo? Phone? Box 7975.

MAN, 50, 5'10", slim, fit, presentable, straight-forward, solvent, well-travelled, London base, country retreat seeks good-natured, attractive younger female for genuine companionship and fun. Box 8075.

MUDDY WATERS weeks Bessie Smith (in North London!?) Box 8175.

BROWN EYES LEGGY blonde, successful media woman, seeks tall, witty, bighearted man, 35-45, London-based, who shares love of movies, good wine, talking into the night and laughing at life, and oneself! Box 8275.

DECADENT PROFESSIONAL male, 37, solvent, interests include exotic travel, current affairs, good food and wine, seeks intelligent attractive N/S woman for fun frolics and romance. Letter and photo appreciated. Box No. 8375.

WARM HEARTED AMATEUR gardener (33), seeks cool English rose to nurture through winter frosts. Southern varieties, easier to cultivate for fruitful relationship. Specimen photograph guarantees reply. Box 8475.

I AM A TALL, enterprising, successful, non-smoking gentleman in my late 50s, warm and caring, but certainly masculine. Reaching out a hand for a younger, feminine, attractive lady so that both our lives will be enhanced. Box 8575.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 50, presentable, cheerful, amusing (usually), domestic (compassionate only) tie, needs woman fellow-escaper. Midlands. Box 11875.

UNATTACHED DRAGON (1952) seeks mate for cosy evenings and flights out. West Midlands. Box 8775.

HUMOROUS, PRESENTABLE business exec, mid 40s, N/S in sterile relationship seeks similar lady 30-45; for discreet friendship, social weekday outings or whatever. Herts/Bucks/Beds area. Photo please. Box 8875.

ERIK THE VIKING needs Saxon or Celtic wench. No woad nor weed. Worcs. Box 8675.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, early forties, graduate, reasonable appearance, wealthy, honest, reliable. Comfortable London home, country, family commitments seeks discreet, caring, sexual relationship with intelligent lady of any age or status. Box 12275.

TALL, GOOD LOOKING man, 27, foreign, married, seeks woman for discreet, uncomplicated fun. London area. Box 12375.

MALE, 32, SINGLE, complete liability but imagines he's Simon Templer. Seeking N/S, imaginative female who likes dogs, books, country walks, music and thinks "Roseanne" is brilliant. West Yorkshire. Box 12475.

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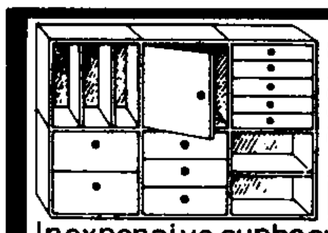

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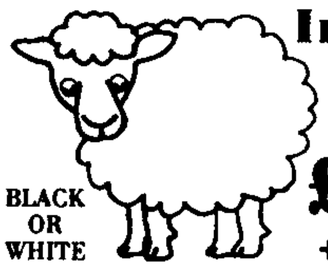

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